

Hamatora Drabbles

by Composer of Discord

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Summary: These are just short drabbles ranging from K-T and angst-fluff. Most are NiceArt though I do have some BirthRate too, and one odd pairing. There are also some crossover chapters, and I'm planning for some AU ones as well for future chapters. With that being said, I hope you enjoy.

1. Morning Routine

****A/N:** Hey, so I posted these on my blog but forgot to do so here, so I will do so now. I'll post them gradually onto here, as each I try to make under 500 words or at least under a 1000. These are mostly just practice for me, but I hope you enjoy them nonetheless.**

****Disclaimer:** I do not own Hamatora! Nope, not at all because that last episode...**

****NiceArt Drabble: Morning Routine****

****Summary:** **The morning after Nice stays over, sometimes Art can be quite forgetful as Nice helps Art get ready for work.

****Rated:**** T (Mildly. Rated for suggested adult theme but pretty much PG)

****WC:**** 543

* * *

><p>'Brief caseâ€|checkâ€|walletâ€|checkâ€|coffeeâ€|' "Hm," Art hummed as a pleasant smile graced his features at his filled thermos thanks to the coffee machine. He took a sip of the heated liquid, letting his sweet tooth be enticed by the sugary sweetness, and the caffeine to jumpstart his morning. "Check." He affirmed

before taking another sip.

"Ready?" Art looked up from his musings to find a rather disheveled independent detective sitting at his table, hair still a mess and sand in his eyes.

"Yes, I believe so." Art began to pack his things only for an all knowing smirk tug the corner of Nice's lips.

"Let's go through the check list just to make sure." It had become a daily routine to do so on nights he stayed over since Art seemed to more forgetful in the morning than usual.

"Briefcase?"

"Check."

"Wallet?"

"Check."

"Files?"

Art paused before rushing to grab them off the coffee table, "Check."

"Badge?" Art padded his pockets before nodding in confirmation.

"I have everything, Nice." Art sighed as he didn't like forgetting things.

"Icy-hot patch?" Art froze during his packing while Nice's smile only widened with a flicker of mirth dancing in his eyes. Even with Art's back turned, Nice knew the other's complexion had changed to a rather interesting color.

"â€¦I feel fine, but thank you nonetheless." Art subconsciously rubbed his lower back since sometimes it was sore when Niceâ€¦spent the night, but he wasn't going to admit that now.

"Next, phone?"

"Phone?" Art patted his pockets once more only to come empty handed. He checked his brief case next before his violet eyes swept the counters and other various surfaces for his phone. "I know it's somewhereâ€¦hold on." Art rushed to check the bedroom. He searched under the bed, on the bed, in the bathroom, in his jacket pockets from yesterday as Nice watched the other run around the room in his frenzied search.

"Where is it?" Art was coming close to the end of his rope. He knew he had it with him this morning as he began to retrace his steps.

"Want me to ring it?"

"No, I'll find it." Art nearly snapped as he continued to tear up the room in search for the blasted phone. At last, after a few moments, still empty handed, he looked over at Nice reluctantly. "Fineâ€¦call

it, please."

Nice dialed the number as Art stood ready, waiting to hear the familiar ring tone.

_ 'Ring, ringâ€|ring, ringâ€| ' _

Art's head whipped back around at Nice, pausing before his violet eyes narrowed dangerously. He approached the other with a vexed look, and reached into the other's sweatshirt pocket before his fingers found purchase upon the desired object.

Eyes still locked on that pompous smirk he answered the phone. "Anything else? Or have I-"

Art found himself cut off when Nice had leaned over, placing an abrupt kiss upon his lips, and even through the kiss, Art could feel the corners of Nice's lips upturned.

"Good bye kiss?" Nice had mumbled upon the other's lips, and though Art had been infuriated before, he could not help but find his anger had dissipated. And so, when Nice had pulled away, he swiftly followed those departing lips for one last chaste kiss for good measure.

"Check."

The End

**A/N: I hope you enjoyed this small snippet and I hope to add all the others as well. Until then, take care and thanks for reading!
**

2. Something Only I Know

Rated T

WC: 708

Nice/Art Drabbles: Something Only I Know

Cobalt blue eyes wearily blinked to life, trying to dispel the sandman's spell. His toes curled, while his back arched to stretch the taut muscles only to earn a weak groan of protest from his fellow bedmate. The small noise had served as a pleasant reminder to where he was, causing a sleepy smile to curl the corners of his lips at the thought of it.

"Morning." Nice smiled down at the other only for Art to roll over toward his side of the bed with his back facing Nice. The superintendent was half asleep though still had half a mind to know he should get in as many more precious seconds of rest that Nice would allow.

Nice's upturned lips were suddenly weighed down not just by Art's retreat, but also the fact that his lover had stolen the blankets. To regain warmth, Nice scooted closer to the Superintendent until he could catch the corner of the blankets. He raised them up to wrap around himself when his hand froze. A mirthful glint flickered in his

blue eyes at the sight of what only he knew of.

He became impervious of the cold morning air, too distracted by the curve of Art's hip as he went to poke one of the spots he loved.

"One" Nice counted softly. He scoot closer as his pointer finger traced it's way up from Art's hip and across to Art's torso to mark the next one.

"Two"

Pale brows furrowed slightly, hand coming to absentmindedly shoo away Nice's prying finger. He tried to wrap the blanket around himself further, starting to feel the cold assaulting his bare back due to Nice holding the blankets up. Sensing the other's discomfort, Nice scooted closer and wrapped the blanket around both of them, though he didn't stop his counting.

Instead he found the next one, and since Art didn't seem to like his cold fingers he leaned down until his lips caressed the small dark spot on Art's left shoulder blade.

"Three" He mumbled against the skin, causing Art to shift even more before he let out a relenting sigh.

"What are you doing?" He asked while a hand came up to rub the sand from his eyes.

"Counting." Nice stated matter-of-factly, coming to kiss the next spot on the tip of Art's shoulder, "Four"

Pale brows furrowed questioningly before he craned his neck to look up at Nice and ask, "Counting what?"

"Something only I know." Nice answered before a fond smile crept its way to Nice's lips at the sight of the very last one. The little beauty mark that dotted below Art's eye was the first one he saw, the first one he loved, and the one he loved that, Nice closed the small distance to press a chaste kiss upon the last one.

"Five."

Five beauty marks in all. Mostly everyone knew of Art's one, but not the other four. Art only bestowed that privilege upon Nice, which had said man grinning like a fool.

"Five?" Nice's train of thought was momentarily derailed by the still bewildered superintendent.

"Yes, five." Nice confirmed, "The number of beauty marks you have, five."

Violet eye widened in momentary shock while a dash of color began to creep up his neck, "Wh-Why would you count something like that?"

"Because," a finger came to tap the one on Art's shoulder dotingly, "I love them, all five of them." Cobalt blue eyes came to fall upon the mark his finger was tracing, truly loving each spot that painted

Art's body.

"And because of the many things that people know of you," Blue eyes rose to find their pair, "I hope this will be one of the things only I know of you."

"Iâ€¦I need to get to work." Art abruptly moved to get up, features now thoroughly shaded an interesting hue.

"Hold on." Nice wasn't letting Art run away so soon as his fingers grasped the other's wrist and pulled him back down into his hold. "I need to make sure there's only five."

"Niceâ€¦" there was a hint of warning in Art's tone though the other either did not notice or chose not to notice.

"Oh look, I think I found another one!"

"Nice!"

The End

**A/N: So whenever a character has a beauty mark I usually like to imagine that they have more than one. With that being said, I hope you enjoyed this one. **

3. Cheesy Pick-Up Lines

Rated K

WC: 138

Nice/Art Drabbles: Cheesy Pick-Up Lines

"Are we in an art museum for you are truly a work of art?" Violet eyes blinked slowly in disbelief, trying to register if Nice had just said what he thought he heard him say. By the other's board smile, and expectant cobalt eyes staring back at him he finally let out a relenting sigh.

"Nice, do you have another Band-Aid? I think I scraped my knee falling for you."

"No, sorry, I used them all when I fell for you." Art had to pause once more as he looked over at the beaming independent detective. At that radiant warm smile, he could not help the small upturning of own his lips in return before leaning over to place a chaste kiss upon the other's cheek in thanks for Nice's words. Even if they were a little cheesy.

The End

**A/N: This is the shortest one so far, and I actually wrote this around three or two in the morning so...Yes I was high on caffeine when I wrote this since I had my Physics exam on that morning as well. **

4. Ringtone Wars

****Rated: K****

****WC: 364****

****Nice/Art Drabble: Ringtone Wars****

"Ikeda Hiroshi, male, age 19, reported missing by his roommate on September 14th. A week later, a left severed arm was found in the sewers under the Fujita's maid café on September 21st." Art continued to go over the case, listing other unsolved cases that could be possibly linked to one another.

"The scorch marks on all the limbs had a residue of â€" Art was abruptly cut off when he heard some ringtone begin to play from the back of the room. It was a new policy that while at such meetings, phones would be placed in back as violet eyes surveyed the room to see if any of the surrounding officers were going to lay claim to the phone.

'You're insecure; don't know what for. You're turning heads when you walk through the door~'

A pale brow rose questioningly to the lyrics, having vaguely remembered hearing them over the radio a year or two ago. Still no one had moved from their seats which began to dawn on Art that maybeâ€|

'Everyone else in the room can see it. Everyone else but you~'

Art didn't know how fast he moved, though it was enough to startle a few while earning a few snickering and amused chuckles from the rest to see their highly professional superintendent hurry to his phone let alone having a ringtone of a popular teen pop/rock band.

'Baby you light up my world like nobody else. The way you flip your hair gets me overwhelmedâ€|'

Art reached into the bucket of phones as his, of course, had to be on the bottom. _'You don't know, you don't know you're beautiful. O-Oh, that's what makes you beautiâ€"'_

Art let out a sigh of relief, not realizing he had been holding his breath. "Umâ€|where were we?" Art tried to compose himself quickly before swiftly glancing down at his phone.

'One Missed Call: Nice'

Violet eyes narrowed at the name, "Yes, the residue that was found was calcium oxide, more commonly known as quicklime or burnt lime. With water, quicklime would increase the temperature up to 150â–|C. A quick and ****nice**** way to dispose a dead body." _'Hm, quite nice indeed.'_

The End

****A/N:** Song belongs to One Direction, not mineâ€|just in case some people didn't knowâ€|please don't hurt meâ€| I should change the name of this drabble too. I was planning on making a revenge one, but never really got around to it...maybe I will but for now the title

will remain because I'm too lazy to change it at the moment. **

On a separate note, thanks to those that have reviewed/faved/alerted and all that good stuff. I'm glad you guys are enjoying this so far since fluff isn't really my forte. So thanks a bunch for all the love, and take care!

**P.S. If I'm not busy tomorrow, I'll edit and post a BirthRate one. Just a heads up since it's been NiceArt for some time now. Not that that's a bad thing, but I did promise BirthRate so...If you don't like the pairing, skip Ch. 5 and go on to Ch. 6 since I'll probably post that too. **

5. Birthday Kisses

Rated: K

WC: 615

Ratio/Birthday Drabble: Birthday Kisses

"Whatcha lookin' at, Ratio?" The blond came to peer over the other's shoulder.

"An article." Birthday's broad grin was suddenly weighed down by the doctor's unwavering focus upon whatever news was going on.

"Well did you know that today is my birthday?"

"Yes, here, happy birthday." Ratio had placed the small wrapped gift on the table between him and the other much to Birthday's disappointment, though at least Ratio had set aside his article, blue eyes focused on him now.

"Do I get a kiss too?" The question had caught Ratio rather off guard, blue eyes widening at the other's forwardness with heat creeping up his neck.

"Iâ€¦did you want one?" Ratio tried to swallow down his nerves, keeping his features reserved though Birthday couldn't help but smile at the other's stiff appearance.

"It's customary to give the birthday boy kisses. Nice already gave me mine."

"Nice?" Ratio's back stiffened even more although this time it wasn't due to nerves butâ€¦_ "No, I can't beâ€¦Birthday can kiss whoever he liked.'_

"Mhmm, and hajime, and a hug from Three, and I almost got Murasaki, andâ€¦"Oi, Koneko, it's my birthday!" Birthday called out to other when she walked in.

"Oh, happy birthday." She leaned up to kiss Birthday on the cheek, having known he was asking for them today. When she left, Birthday did not miss the slight twitch of annoyance upon the doctor's brow.

"Happy birthday, is Nice upstairs?" Ratio looked over at a certain

superintendent that had just walked in.

"Yeah, but first, birthday kiss."

Art shook his head lightly in amusement before he leaned up to place a chaste kiss upon Birthday's cheek only for the man's arm to wrap around his waist and spin him down into a dip. Violet eyes looked up at Birthday in surprise, though it didn't last long until he let out a small laugh.

"I won't tell Nice if you won't." He teased only for Art to stand himself upright once more.

"As tempting as that seems, I'll have to pass but thank you." Art waved them both goodbye before heading upstairs to find Nice. By then Ratio found his hands gripping tightly to his seat. If he didn't have his gloves on he might have broken the chair by now.

"Birthday, have you seen Three?" Birthday averted his gaze over towards Honey, shades sliding down the bridge of his nose to get a better look at her.

"No, but it is my birthday."

"Oh, happy birthday." Honey wished him, only to roll her eyes when Birthday tapped the side of his cheek expectantly. Deciding to humor him for once, Honey leaned over to give him a swift peck to the cheek as his birthday kiss before heading off to find Three. Birthday watched her go with a foolish, giddy smile which was the final push that sent Ratio over the edge.

"So, Ratio, do I get my kiss or nâ€"mphfâ€"|" Ratio had stood up from his seat, and before Birthday could tell him who else he had kissed, Ratio decided to give Birthday his own, successfully silencing the other man. When he pulled away, blue eyes widened in realization of what he had just done by the surprised expression on his friend's face.

"I-I'm sorryâ€"|I don't know what came over me. Iâ€"|" A swift hand caught Ratio's blue tie to reel him in while blue eyes caught Birthday's sly smile.

"That's one, Ratio. You have twenty more to go." And before the doctor could protest, it was Birthday that had closed the distance between them. It was his birthday after all, and he was going to get his birthday kisses from Ratio in full.

The End

A/N: I hope 21 is alright since I figured mostly everyone was around the same age and Art is apparently 21 soâ€"|I went with it.

6. I Know my Boyfriend

Rated K

WC: 481

****Nice/Art Drabbles: I Know My Boyfriend****

"Observe," Nice set down the phone at the center of the table, "Art's phone."

"And?" the other prompted, "Wait, doesn't he need it or something?"

"We're in the middle of making a deal, Birthday, now it's 12pm which means ten minutes ago Art was at his desk finishing something that he thought he would have finished an hour before. 11:55am, time for him to take his lunch break which consists of a short trip to the workroom for more coffee, and ending with a phone call with me."

"I don't see how this is proving your point."

A mischievous smile graced Nice's lips, "How can he call me when his cellphone is here?"

"That's not helping your case."

"You're missing the point, Birthday. Art will spend between five to ten minutes looking for his phone before using his phone from the office to yell at me. He normally doesn't call me on the office phone because he believes it's for work only and not to be used for personal calls."

"Tch, so you're doing it this way?"

"Well I didn't think 'what's his favorite color' would suffice for you."

"You're right, it wouldn't have." Birthday agreed, "So what you're saying is that you know Art well enough to know how long it will take him to call you?"

"Exactly, so we have a deal?" Nice extended his hand out for the other to shake.

"Deal." Birthday shook on his, a confident smile curling the corners of his lips. Nice couldn't possibly know exactly what time Art was going to call.

"Good, I hope you're getting your outfit ready in threeâ€|twoâ€|oneâ€|"

'I'm a Barbie girl in a Barbie world. Life in plastic, it's fantastic!'

"Hey, what's up?" Nice had picked up his phone, seemingly unphased by the new ringtone Art had picked out for him. It was only fair after the number of times Nice had changed Art's ringtone. He placed his phone beside Art's on speaker so Birthday could hear it was indeed Art that had called.

"Nice?"

"Yes?"

"Where's my phone?!"

"You're phone? Oh, I think I might have grabbed yours instead of mine this morning, sorry. But, could you tell me the time, Art?"

"It's 12:05pm, and I need that phone, Nice."

"12:05?" Nice repeated, blue eyes glancing over at Birthday's incredulous expression, "How does how does nineteen o'clock sound for dinner? I'll cook."

Nice couldn't help the small smile that crossed his lips at the audible sigh that passed through the phone, "My place or yours?"

"Yours." Nice answered, "I'll go get the ingredients now, want me to drop off your phone on the way?"

"If you wouldn't mind."

"Nope, not at all." Nice took his phone off speaker, seeing that Birthday didn't need to any more evidence. "I'll see you soonâ€¦love you, bye." Nice hung up, smiling rather smugly over at Birthday. "It better have ruffles too."

The End

**A/N: Well that's it for now. I hope you enjoyed these two. As for Birthday's little outfit, that will be chapter 13 so it's something to look forward to. On a separate note, thanks for all the love as it really made my day. Also, thanks for reading and reviewing if you got down this far and goodnight/morning and everything in between.
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7. Movie Night

Rated: K

WC: 819

**A/N: Now translated into Russian thanks to See the Sound. Since FFnet is bad at adding links, the link to the translation can be found on my writing blog which is linked in my profile.

>

Nice/Art Drabble: Movie Night

"I'm home." Art slipped his shoes off, and set them beside Nice's. "Is the movie in?"

"Yep, how was work?" Nice greeted Art when the superintendent came to sit beside him and by the weariness in those violet eyes, Nice could only guess. "Long day?"

"Hm," Art hummed, eyes closing and hands coming to rub his temples, "I apologize in advance if I fall asleep on you."

"Oh don't worry, you won't this time."

Violet eyes peered over at the other through thick lashes, curiosity curling the corners of his lips. "Oh? What is the movie then, may I ask?"

"Shh, it's starting." Nice teased in which Art lightly rolled his eyes but remained silent nonetheless as the movie began.

In the first few minutes Art could deduce it was a mystery as his mind went back to work, focusing on the characters that were closest to the victim. Family, friends, the boyfriend, all possible suspects that would need to be questioned first.

Meanwhile, blue eyes wandered over to his partner, seeing the other's mind begin to process the information, and having figured it out already, or believing he had, he asked out of curiosity, "Who do you think did it?"

"So far the main character would have us believe the boyfriend due to her suspicions, but at the same time this is a movie and it would be very anticlimactic if he were the killer. As for the sister, she seems she could have a motive, but not the personality to do so." Art thought aloud, "But yet again, this is a movie, anything could happen."

Nice agreed, "Do you think it was only one person behind it?"

Art took a moment to contemplate the question, "It's possible for an accomplice to be involved. It would certainly make the plot more interesting."

"Hm," Nice hummed in agreement, "I on the other hand believe it's the main character."

"Really?" Art looked over at Nice incredulously, "Have you seen this before?"

"Nope, but if you remember when the main character had found the body, the body was cold, or more so felt cold when it probably just reached room temperature. If a healthy temperature for the average human body is 98.6 Fahrenheit and let's say 77 for average room temperature, and with the body dropping 1.5 degrees every hour leaves about a fourteen hour window from when the body was killed to when it was found. Also, remember the victim's apartment, no forced entry meaning it had to be someone she knew, and if she had recently had a fight with her boyfriend then that crosses him off the list. The sister had no reason to be there that night. Yes, she might have a motive, but not a motive that would lead her to the apartment. Now going back to the main characterâ€œ"

"I don't think the writers of the movie would take such things into account, but if you want to analyze the main character then trembling hands, nightmares, and her hesitation could be symptoms of acute stress disorder. If she did murder her friend, then that could cause enough stress to generate temporary amnesia."

"Meaning that it would be a good plot twist if she were the murderer." Nice concluded, "Though you could also sayâ€œ"

"Nice," Art cut the other off with a small smile, "just watch the movie."

"Okay." Nice relented before opening his arms as an invitation for Art to lean against him. The Superintendent gladly accepted as he scooted closer and rested his head upon Nice's shoulder. By the end of the movie, Nice averted his gaze from the screen to see Art's eyes were serenely closed while he softly breathed out through slightly parted lips.

It seemed even a mystery couldn't keep Art up, but Nice didn't mind. Instead he turned the movie off before hooking an arm under Art's knees and another around his waist to lift him up and move him to the bed.

At the feeling of being lifted, Art instinctively clung to the other, vaguely remembering what he was doing before he had fallen asleep.

"Who was the murderer?" Nice looked down at Art, surprised to see he had woken up.

"The mother."

"The mother?" Art repeated, pale brows furrowing from confusion.

"Hm, I suppose we were both wrong."

"Hmpf." Art huffed, a teasing smile gracing his features, "It was a stupid movie anyway."

"Uh-huh," Nice set Art down on the bed, "either that or we need new occupations."

"Perhaps, any ideas so far?" Art rolled to his side to face Nice when the other came to join him.

"Well you could always be a model."

Art rolled his eyes halfheartedly once more, "And you could be an actor."

"There's an idea. Maybe then you won't fall asleep."

"I resent that."

Nice shook his head before placing a small kiss upon Art's cheek. "Goodnight, Art."

"Night, Nice."

The End

A/N: Thank you for all the love as I really appreciated it. I'll post another one later today, but for now I hope you enjoyed this one and hopefully I'll see you all later. Until then, take care!

8. Messages

**A/N: Look at you lucky people. My practice was canceled so here's

the next drabble early. **

Rated: K+ (But in terms of Fanfiction terms this would be rated T for suggested adult themes, though I don't think anyone should really mind. But if you do...sorry.)

WC: 783

**Nice/Art Drabble: Messages **

Sure arms came to wrap around his partner's lithe frame, pressing a kiss into the soft lilac hair. He earned a resounding hum and a small upturn of thin lips, though when his hands came to the hem of his partner's shirt, another pair came to rest against his own.

"No."

"Not tonight?"

"Not tonight, Nice." The slightly shorter of the two turned within the arms around him, "Alright?"

"Back sore?"

"Noâ€|" "

"That was rather weak." A teasing smile graced the young minimum holder's lips, much to the other's displeasure whose smile was suddenly weighed down though it didn't seem to deter Nice. Instead his hands came to rub Art's lower back with great care.

"It's not sore because of what you're thinking of." Art battered Nice's prying hands away from him. "I had a session with sensei today, that's all."

"Oh, well in that case can I interest you in a massage?"

Art paused thoughtfully for a moment as he had never had a massage from Nice before and perhaps it would be nice, though at the same time this massage couldn't possibly be platonic.

"Just a massage?"

"Just a massage." Nice agreed though there was a gleam in his eyes that promised more, or more so that it wouldn't be his fault if this completely innocent act led to something not so innocent.

Violet eyes regarded Nice's expression for a moment longer before relenting with a small sigh, "Fine, where should I sit?"

"You can lie down right here." Nice moved to pat the couch.

"Alright, like this?" Art followed Nice's instructions as he went to lie down on the couch, back facing the inspector while he grabbed a nearby pillow to rest his head on.

"Perfect, nowâ€|" Blue eyes surveyed the room for a moment, much to Art's amusement.

"Now?"

"You don't, uhâ€¦ have any lotion by chance, do you?"

"Nice!" Art nearly sputtered, the tips of his ears beginning to turn an interesting shade of color while Nice held up his hands in surrender.

"Sorry, sorry, yeah, dumb idea." Nice apologized before standing over Art for a moment to figure out how he was going to do this. "Hold on, Art."

"Oh dear god."

Nice ignored Art for a moment in favor of straddling the other's legs so he could reach Art's back at a better angle. The couch was narrow enough, but somehow they made it work as wary violet eyes glanced over at his partner as he got comfortable.

"I got this, Art. Just relax." Nice insisted only to hear another sigh emitted from his partner. "You know your lack of faith in me is starting to worry me." Nice teased as he poked at Art's shoulder blade. "Does it hurt here?"

"No, my trapezius and latisimuss dorsi muscles."

"And what about your gluteus maximus?"

"Niceâ€¦" Said man could only chuckle at the threatening tone in his partner's voice, but understood the message nonetheless. He began to work at the trapezius muscles, strong palms coming to press upon the juncture between Art's neck and shoulder only to feel the body beneath him stiffen. He lessened the force and allowed his fingers to work their magic.

Soon, Art's body began to loosen up once more and another sigh was released though this time it wasn't out of frustration but of pure bliss. His muscles relaxed under Nice's spell as violet eyes softly rested.

Meanwhile, Nice continued. His fingers glided down the curvature of the inspector's spine before branching out to the sides. Blue eyes concentrated on their work, not noticing how Art seemed to sink deeper into the couch, though he did notice the change of rhythm in which Art's back rose and fell in time with his breathing.

"Art?" Blue eyes glanced over at the weary features of his partner. Now it was his turn to sigh. Nice liked the thought that his touch could lull Art to sleep though not at the very moment. He had hoped for something else, but he supposed it couldn't be helped as he rose from the couch.

"Done so soon?"

Nice couldn't help but let out an incredulous chuckle before turning to face the now awake Art. "Why, would you like me to continue?"

"Hm," Art hummed before coming to sit up momentarily, "You missed a

spot."

"Where?"

As if to answer, pale fingers came to grasp the hem of his shirt, lifting and slipping it off in one fluid motion while a sly smile came to curl the corners of the young minimum holder's lips when he instinctively caught the discarded garment. Nice needed no further prompting, setting Art's shirt aside, and picking up from where he had left off.

The End

****A/N:** Well that's it for today. Next update will be Tuesday the latest, but not sure yet, only because I'll be busy for the next couple of days. On a separate note, thanks for all those that have reviewed/faved/alerted this. You all make me smile, and a few even at the ungodly hours of the morning, so thank you for that. So until next time, take care!**

****P.S.** Just in case some people didn't know the muscles named, the trapezius muscles starts from the back of the neck and down to...about mid back and cuts off right before the shoulder. Latisimuss Dorsi muscles are basically the whole back mostly. And gluteus maximus (to be blunt) is the butt, or in other words, the booty so... ;) Thanks for reading if you've gotten this far and goodnight/morning and everything in between. ******

9. Look At Me

****Rated:** K******

****WC:** 628******

****A/N:** This is for Deaths Lie and their need for more BirthRate, so here you go! Hope you like it.******

****Warning:** This isn't as fluffy as the others...sorry.******

****Ratio/Birthday Drabble:** Look At Me******

"Well you see, I was so enchanted by your beauty that I ran into that wall over there. So I'm gonna need your name and number for insurance purposes-ah!"

"Excuse me, nurse." The young doctor offered the other an amicable smile when he had grabbed the offending man by the collar, "Birthday, what are you doing out of the psych ward?"

"To look for you of course." The electrifying blond man cocked a smile up at the doctor. "You're the reason I'm in the psych ward after all."

"If I'm driving you mad, good." The doctor couldn't help but let a small smirk tug the corner of his lips. "But for now, bed. Doctor's orders."

"Yes, Sir. Would you like to tuck me in as well?"

"Must I?"

"Oh, I think you should, Ratio, maybe throw in a bedtime story too. That would be nice."

Ratio let out an audible sigh, but nodded nonetheless in agreement, "Very well, let's go."

He kept a firm grip upon the man's collar all the way up to Birthday's assigned room. Then, with little thought, unceremoniously tossed Birthday atop of the bed before reaching for the other's folder to look through the current results.

"Please don't tell me that's my bedtime story." Birthday wasn't at all deterred by the manhandling, as he was lying on his stomach with his head propped up by his hands.

"You've stopped taking your medicine." Ratio stated more than questioned as it was now Birthday's turn to sigh seeing as he was getting nowhere with Ratio at this rate.

"Yes, I have. It makes me sick."

"Very well, I'll try to see if we can prescribe you a new one. For now, let me take a look." Ratio went to remove his eye patch only for a swift hand to come and stop him. Dark brows furrowed in slight bewilderment to Birthday's sudden action, but allowed Birthday to guide his gloved hand away from his eye patch nonetheless.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing." Birthday insisted, once mirthful eyes now firm. "Just look at me, Ratio."

"I was going toâ€" "

"No." Birthday shook his head lightly followed by an incredulous smile crossing his features, "I mean really look at me."

The single exposed blue eye narrowed at the other, not fully understanding what Birthday was asking of him. He was trying to look at him to see if anything was wrong and yet the man had stopped him. Look at me, he had said as Ratio wanted to ask what he was looking for. Was there something so blatantly obvious that Birthday wanted him to see? Whatever it was, Ratio was not seeing it, though he tried. He really did.

After a few moments, Birthday had given up, letting Ratio's hand go. "You know, Ratio, for a man that can see more things than most, you sure are blind."

The corners of Ratio's lips were suddenly weighed down, even more confused than before. Maybe one day he might see what Birthday was trying to say, but apparently that day would not be today.

"Do you still want your story?" he asked, trying to lighten the mood which seemed to work by the bright smile Birthday offered him.

"That depends, Doctor, does it have a happy ending?"

"Hm, I'll see what I can do." Ratio promised. He might have been blind to whatever Birthday was hinting at, but he wasn't completely oblivious by the smile Birthday seemed to send him. If he could make Birthday smile, then that was enough for him. Blind or not, he would always see Birthday, and hopefully one day his heart as well.

The End

**A/N: Thank you for all the lovely reviews! They really have made my day for the past couple days. I hope you enjoyed this one since the next one, which I'll either do tomorrow or Wednesday, isn't that fluffy either. Anyway, thanks for reading and take care! **

10. Three Words Eight Letters

Rated T (for mild language)

WC: 1,677

**A/N: I don't know. This was meant to be a drabble but I went over the WC but it doesn't really have a plot either so it's not a one-shot...I'm just putting this here as a drabble. **

**Warning: Just like the previous chapter, this isn't fluffy. Sorry, but I think the next one is. I haven't checked... **

Nice/Art: Three words; Eight Letters

"I love you." Three words, that's all they were. Just three words; eight letters and yetâ€¦

"Are you okay, Art?" The inspector in question looked up at his partner, offering a small reassuring smile that didn't quite reach his eyes.

"Yes, I'm fine, thank you, Gasquet."

"Been getting enough sleep?"

Art wanted to say that he was, but by the worry in Gasquet's eye, he knew he could not lie to the man. Was he really that easy to read? He hoped not, though at the same time it meant that if Gasquet could see something was wrong then other people may be able to see as well which concerned Art greatly.

"As much as I ever will." Art finally offered, which was true. He tried to sleep, he really did, though without a certain idiot beside him he, for some reason, could not find sleep as easy to come by as he used to. He was sure shadows were starting to form under his eyes as he tried to hide it well with a little makeup he used to conceal visible marks left by a certain someone. At the thought of it, Art couldn't use the cover-up that morning and Gasquet had noticed, everyone noticed.

"Art, I would highly advise you to take some time off." Gasquet proposed after some time, though the way he had said it, Art knew it wasn't a suggestion but a command. Before Art could counter, Gasquet used his usual reasoning when dealing with Art, reminding him that

the lives of his team rested on the young man shoulders, though they could not rest easy when such shoulder were unstable due to fatigue or in other words, emotions.

"Of course." Art finally relented, albeit rather begrudgingly, as he went to pack up a few things to take with him. "Thank you, Gasquet."

"Take care of yourself, Art."

"I will." Art promised, though the farther he moved away from the sanctuary of his office the more wary he was by his own words or more so the words he could not say.

"Three words; eight letters." Art repeated to himself. "Three words; eight letters. Three words; eightâ€" A pale hand came to wipe away the first tears that began to form as pale brows furrowed in slight confusion.

_ 'Why?' _ Art thought, _ 'Why can't I say it?' _

The whole way home, violet eyes continued to blink away the stinging tears as a hand came to bunch at the front of his gut since something unsettling was beginning to form. It contorted and twisted into a torturous mesh causing him to feel as if his whole world was spinning to the point he had to pull over to the side of the road with loud horns screeching at him though they fell upon deaf ears. He could not drive. He could not focus on the road with inundating nausea threatening to spill over.

"Three words; eight lettersâ€"three words; eightâ€"I need to get home." Art swiftly left his car, going to walk home â€" run home until his legs could carry him no more. He leaned heavily against the side of his apartment building, just a few more steps until he would be home again, in his room, in his bedâ€"alone.

The thought suddenly brought the nausea back, though this time something wasn't filling him but leaving him. He was being drained with nothing left but a large void, a crater he knew only one person could fill.

_ 'No I can't go back.' _ Steady arms began to push forward from the building with new resolve, _ 'I can't go home; not without you.' _

Art didn't know what was moving faster, time or his own legs as they took him to where he needed to go. There was little thought but three words, eight letters as something began to swell within him at the thought of them. He could do it; he just had to.

He didn't stop. Even when he reached the cafÃ©, he passed the others in favor of racing up the stairs to Nice's apartment. With urgency he knocked on the door before banging after a few seconds since he was concerned that maybe the young minimum holder had his headphones in and could not hear him, though by the fifth knock, he found his hand had missed its target and struck something else.

"Ah! Artâ€" Nice was startled as he had instinctively grabbed Art's hand when he was struck, though the inspector seemed not to care. Instead Art was hunched over a bit to catch his breath.

"Art, come in, sit down." Nice tried to direct his partnerâ€|loverâ€|boyfriendâ€|whatever they were inside. They were still dating, weren't they? Nice wasn't sure. He could never be sure with Art. They had been together for some time until Nice had told him he loved him and then suddenly Art had stopped talking to him, stopped answering his phone, and even started not to come home anymore. Nice had thought they were over before Art began banging on his door and was now bent over, wheezing for air.

Pale hands battered caring hands away as he couldn't be distracted at the moment though Nice had took it another way, hands recoiling from the inspector as blue eyes narrowed questioningly.

"What are youâ€"?"

"Three words; eight letters." Art had cut Nice off before violet eyes looked up at the perplexed blue. "Three words; eight lettersâ€|Niceâ€|I-I love you." A smile broke across Art's features finally having said it before he blinked back the tears that began to form once more.

"I love you, Niceâ€|god, I love youâ€|"

"Artâ€|"

"Please, just let me finish!" Art snapped, effectively shutting Nice up. "I ran all the way over here, and I will say what I need to say, Nice, because I hate you. God I hate you. I hate that I can't sleep in my own bed anymore or at all for that matter. I can't eat; I can't even get out of the shower because I can't remember how many times I washed my hair. And god forbid I try to listen to anything anymore now a days because all artists seem to sing about is love! Being in love, being out of love, loving but not being loved in return; it's just love. All just stupid love. Love, love, love, that's all that people say and it's so easy. It's so easy to say it." Art nearly laughed, "So why couldn't I say it?"

"Artâ€" "

"This is all your fault!" Art cut Nice off once more, vexing eyes turning on the young minimum holder, "I can't even drive, Nice! I nearly crashed today, and Iâ€|I'm going crazyâ€|"

"Artâ€|"

"You can't just tell me you love me so easily, Nice. How can you say that? How can you justâ€" " Art's words were cut off when a hand swiftly grabbed his tie and pulled him in, lips crashing against his. It was the only way Nice was ever able to effectively shut Art up because at the moment he needed to be quiet and listen to him for once.

Violet eyes widened at the sudden kiss, though his hands went to grab onto Nice with more desperation than he thought he possessed and he hated it. He despised this utter feeling of helplessness. He was a man dammit. He wasn't supposed to be like this so why? What was this spell Nice had over him?

When Nice had pulled away, blue eyes made sure to find Art's, wanting the other to hear him. "I love you, Art, and I can say it because

that's how I feel and though you claim to hate me you must love me a little too if it's so hard for you to say it. And I know the feeling must be new to you, maybe even strange or unbelievable, but you love me, and I love you. There's no question nor does it change the roles in our relationship. You still control it, Art. You have all the power and I will follow you even if that means staying behind for a bit because that's what I mean when I say I love you."

A warm smile had graced the young minimum holder's features as he looked upon disoriented violet eyes, "I believe the reason why you couldn't say it, Art, is because you love with all your heart and you weren't ready to give that up." Nice deduced, "Though I'm okay with that, because when you do say it, I know I'll have your heart completely just as you have mine."

Heat burned up his neck to the tip of his ears at the words, causing him to look away from the sentimental man. "I hate how you can say such things so easily" Art muttered which only earned him an amused chuckle from the minimum holder. Sure arms came to pull the inspector into a tight embrace, just happy to have him back as Art allowed himself to be pulled in.

He rested his head against Nice's shoulder, having missed the feeling of secure arms around him. And maybe what Nice had said was true. Maybe he did love too much or with every part of his soul and he wasn't ready to give that up. He wasn't ready to leave himself vulnerable like he was now for he hated it. He hated to feel weak, but somehow knowing that Nice truly loved him gave him something else. A sort of confidence in him that he never had before.

'If I truly love you, Nice.' Art thought to himself, 'Then let this love give me strength to say it.'

Three words; eight letters, "Nice, I love you too."

The End

A/N: Thank you to those that have reviewed/faved/alerted, you all really made my past week. This past week had just been plain stressful so I apologize for the long wait, but I hope you liked the chapter nonetheless, and I hope to update the next one sooner. Thanks for reading if you got this far, and take care!

11. Our Song

Rated: K

WC: 694

Nice/Art Drabble: Our Song

Violet eyes glanced up momentarily at the other, watching as those fingers tapped rhythmically upon the table top. The other's head bobbed to the tune which blasted from his headphones as the superintendent couldn't help but be curious as to what could be making his partner flick his wrist suddenly as if to strike an invisible drum set.

"Nice?" the violet eyes returned to his paperwork, masking his

apparent amusement.

"Hm?" Nice swiftly slid his headphones off, letting them hang around his neck. "Yeah, what's up?"

"May I ask what you're listening to?"

A mischievous smile fell upon the young minimum's features before answering with a matter-of-fact tone, "It's our song."

"Our song? I didn't know we had a song."

"Well, we have a few candidates." Nice elucidated, "I've been able to narrow down the list by your reaction to your ringtones."

"So is that why you've been changing it?"

"Yup, though I have to say I'm disappointed you didn't like 'What Makes You Beautiful'. I worked hard on that one, Art. Do you know how difficult it is to find a song that doesn't say 'girl', 'she', or 'her'?"

Art could only shake his head lightly in mild amusement for perhaps he would have liked the song had it not interrupted his meeting in front of his subordinates. On second thought, no he wouldn't have liked the song for him for no matter how many times Nice had insisted, he was in no way beautiful or he at least he didn't consider himself beautiful. He wasn't unbecoming, but he wasn't a€|what was the word? Knock-out, that's what it was.

"So what do you think our song is now?" Art couldn't help but ask, wondering if it was going to be another teen pop song claiming how beautiful his eyes were when they 'lit up the world'.

"Take my hand and I'll show you." Nice had stood up and offered his hand down to Art. The superintendent looked down at the offered hand before releasing a small relenting sigh. He took the other's hand, and stood up to stand before the young minimum holder. Questioning violet eyes held mirthful blue ones, a pale brow rising when he felt Nice wrapping his arm around his waist to draw him closer.

Art didn't need further prompting as he rested his other hand upon the other's shoulder, deciding he would continue to humor Nice.

"And the song?"

"Hold on." Nice went to reach into his pocket to dial a certain number before setting it aside and placing his hand upon the small of Art's back once more.

To Art's amusement, he heard his phone ringing to a new tune as Nice began to guide him around the small living room, making sure not to bump into any furniture. Meanwhile Art listened closely to the lyrics, a small smile gracing his features at the song as it wasn't another song made for young girls, or a song complimenting his features but a song that made him feel as though it really was Nice talking to him.

He rested his head against Nice's shoulder, and just listened to the tune. When the phone had stopped ringing followed by a small 'ding'

to signify a missed call, Art went to pull away only to be drawn in once more.

"Nice the song-"

"I dare you to let me be, your one and only." Nice had picked up the song from where it had left off while violet eyes blinked in surprise before a flush of heat began to rise up his neck for it was very different from listening to the artist singing it to Nice singing it to him.

"Niceâ€|"

"I promise I'm worthy to hold in your arms. So come on and give me a chance-"

Art leaned up to swiftly silence Nice with a chaste kiss before the other would have him completely flustered.

"I take that you like it?" a soft smile tugged the corner of Nice's lips when he was silenced, and with good reason. He didn't do the song very good justice.

"Yes," Art returned the smile, "I liked it; I like our song."

The End

****A/N:** The song is "One and Only" by Adele, because I love her and one part of it actually reminded me of the previous chapter. So if you ever get to listen to it, I hope you can see what I'm talking about. On a separate note, thanks to all the lovely reviews for the last chapter. I'm glad you guys enjoyed it, and I hope you enjoyed this one as well. ******

****WARNING:** Next chapter will contain ***SPOILERS*** to the last episode of Hamatora so if you haven't watched that and don't want to be spoiled, then don't read it, and skip to the next chapter, or await for Chapter 13 to be posted which will be a Birthrate fic. If you do not like Birthrate, then...well you're going to have to skip that chapter too I guess or wait for Chapter 14. Another warning, chapter 14 will be a crossover drabble of Valrave/Hamatora/Buddy Complex in that order. If you don't care for those fandoms then wait for chapter 15 which will be NiceArt and Birthrate, so again if you don't like Birthrate...well I don't know what to tell you. I haven't written chapter 16 yet... :/ Maybe I will over the next week, but hopefully by then you will be caught up with my bloggers. :) ******

****Thanks for reading if you got down this far and take care!****

12. Alternate Endings

****Rated: T For death scenes****

****WC: 1,307****

******WARNING: ***SPOILERS***** do not read if you have not seen the last episode of Hamatora and do not wish to be spoiled. Also these are not fluffy or 'Opps' kind of drabblesâ€|sorry. Writing a twisted Art was just too much fun to pass up.********

****Hamatora Alternate Ending Drabbles:****

One:

Blue eyes grew to the size of saucers at the sudden feeling of what could only be a barrel of a gun pressed firmly against the back of his head. Thoughts raced too far ahead of his own comprehension to register the metal burning against his scalp after having just been fired. The only thing he could grasp was the owner of those pale hands that wielded the weapon. Art.

"I'm sorry to be late."

_ 'Bang!' _

The sound ricocheted through the room, as violet eyes remained unmoving even with the small tickling feeling of warm blood dotting his features.

"What a shame." The pale hand tucked the weapon away in favor of leaning down and lightly running fingertips across the old worn vest.

"This was my favorite vest, and now it's ruined." The man merely mused followed by a long sigh, "You always did make a mess, Nice, although I must admit I'm pleasantly surprised you have kept this for so long. But yet again, you are sentimental â€" were sentimental."

A mirthful chuckle rippled through the young man as he stood up. Violet eyes surveyed the young minimum holder's body for the last time before offering a small departing nod, "Good bye, Nice. Oh, and please do say hello to my twin, Art. He always did love you."

Identical lips upturned in wicked pleasure, blowing a final kiss goodbye to the late detective, and finally taking his leave of the ship.

Two:

Apathetic violet eyes held the young minimum holder as he pressed the heated barrel of his gun firmly upon the dark soaked curls. He could see the body below him freeze, muscles tensing to the sudden turn of events.

"I'm sorry to be late." the unfeeling words slipped past those lips easily followed by the pulling of the trigger almost mechanically.

'Bang!'

Blue eyes instinctively fell shut, ears ringing as a swift pain rebounded against the crevices of his skull. However, he was not allowed the pleasure for a second of thought before he felt firm hands gripping his shoulders, and wheeling his body around until blue eyes found dark amethyst eyes looking back at his.

"Nice! Nice, are you okay?"

"Mura-Murasaki?" dark brows furrowed in bewilderment as he could see the other's lips moving though the words were drowned out by the incessant ringing within his ears.

Murasaki muttered silent curses under his breath before a sickening chuckle broke his chain of colorful profanities.

"Murasaki," The inspector composed himself, shaking off the man's sudden thrown punch as if it were a mere flick, "and here I was thinking I was late."

A darker shade of violet eyes narrowed upon the inspector, unsure of the stranger before him. "What is the meaning of this, Art?"

"Meaning?" Art repeated, "Must I have a reason?"

"Nice is your friend; there must be a reason for you to turn against him."

Violet eyes rolled insipidly followed by a long sigh, "If you say so." The inspector raised his gun once more, aiming for Murasaki, "Though if I told you, I would have to kill you. After all, only one can keep a secret."

"Art!" Violet eyes shifted suddenly to Nice who was standing once more, albeit slightly hunched over as he was still trying to control his rapid heart. "D-Don't do this! This isn't you."

"It isn't?"

'Bang!'

"Murasaki!" Nice fell beside his partner, swiftly removing his vest in order to clot the blood streaming from the bullet wound across the man's side. Although he wasn't able to stop the bleeding for long before he felt his headphones being yanked from around his neck and tossed carelessly to the side. A demanding hand came to grasp the dark wet curls, forcibly drawing Nice's head back while his neck was craned unnaturally.

"I don't think you understand, Nice. This is me; this has always been me. You were just too blind to see." Nice's breath hitched at the feeling of the burning barrel pressed against the side of his neck, dangerously near his adam's apple while violet eyes gleamed with mirth at the lovely sight. "Take a good last look at me, Nice, for this is who I am."

'Bang!'

****Three:****

Pale hands held the weapon firmly against the young man's head, a man he had once called his friend; still called his friend. Then why? Why did his head throb with an aching pain? What was this alienable desire that burned down to the very marrow of his bones?

'Kill him; pull the trigger.' The voice commanded him, a voice he was not even sure was his own.

Meanwhile the body beneath him seized in sudden shock. Blue eyes widening like a deer struck by headlights with his life flashing by in mere seconds. Violet eyes studied those movements, feeling the other's life in his hands, the weight upon his shoulders. He had the power to grant or take away life, making him feel like a god, or one of the Fates with their dreaded scissor cutting away life lines. The power was his; and only his.

'Feel it; love it; consume it.' The voice told him. _'Now take it.'_

His fingers curled around the trigger, ready to pull when a single sound cut through his deranged thoughts. "Artâ€|"

'I won't let someone like you get close to Nice. I will protect him as his friend.'

His own voice came back to him, only to be drowned out by another. _'Friend? Someone like you doesn't deserve to be friends with him, and Nice knows it.'_ The condescending sneer sent shivers down the inspector's spine. _'Oh dear, my poor inspector. What a fool to think Nice was ever your friend. Why do you think he was ever kind to you? Because he respected you? Hah! You were his friend's twin, a man to be pitied.'_

'Noâ€|'

'Don't lie to yourself, Inspector. You're only delaying the inevitable. Admit it, Nice pitied you. They all pitied you. The poor boy who could never activate his minimum.'

'Noâ€|stop it.'

'No you stop, Art. Stop this foolishness; stop him; stop Nice. All this pain will only cease once you put an end to the source of all your problems.' Art shook his head, trying to get rid of the voice within his head. At the suspended silence, Nice chanced a glance over his shoulder to see violet eyes tightly squeezed shut while the hands around the gun trembled.

'Only you can end this, Art. Only you can end your misery.'

'Only I can end thisâ€|' Violet eyes slowly opened, meeting those pools of hopeful blue shining back at him. A broken smile graced the inspector's features, as he finally understood Moral's words through the convoluted haze of his hypnotized mind. _'Even if I don't have a minimum, Nice is still my friend; you will always be my friend.'_ Pale hands lowered the gun while blue eyes apprehensively followed its descent.

'Nice is my friendâ€|Nice is my friendâ€|'

'Only you can end this.'

'Only I can end this.'

'End it, Art. End it now!'

'Bang!'

"Art!" Nice reached to catch the other, arms wrapping around the inspector's body before it could crumple to the ground. "Art, c'mon please" Nice repeated, fingers coming to brush away the lilac strands of hair from those dull violet eyes.

"Art" his voice cracked, as he let gravity pull him down. His knees buckled, body crumpling while he held the lifeless body close against him.

"Art" why? You were my friend You were my friend." Nice repeated like a broken record though the words fell upon deaf ears; spoken just a little too late.

End

A/N: So sorry for the late update. That week just went by so fast in terms of classes and then yesterday I had a sporting event in which I just got home from and passed out for 14hrs so that was nice. Anyway, I know this chapter was...yeah, but next one is chapter 13! Birthday and his outfit, and if you weren't looking forward to that one well...I don't know what to tell you because chapter 16 is looking like it's going to be Birthrate too so...Thanks for all the lovely reviews/faves/alerts, they really make me happy. So with that being said, thanks for reading and take care!

13. Candy Striper

Rated: T for suggestive clothing and vivid imaginations

WC: 1,342 I went over the limit *sigh* and I probably could have done more with this but I guess it will remain like this for now.

Ratio/Birthday Drabble: Candy Striper

"Achoo! Ugh" the doctor blew his nose once more as he was fully congested and running out of tissues. "Great" he mumbled under his breath at the irony of the situation. Leave it to a doctor, a person who should know how to stay healthy, to get sick.

However, a sudden knocking on his door derailed his current train of self-pity. Who could possibly be visiting him at the moment? He had already contacted the others that he wouldn't be able to make it that day as well as the office at the hospital.

"Who is it?" He nearly croaked, throat dry and scratchy. When the person on the other side only responded with another resounding knock, the doctor released a relenting sigh before dragging himself up from the couch to answer the door.

"I'm sorry I'm quite" the doctor's words were abruptly cut off due to the quite shocking person before him. The dress was red and white striped as the skirt came to fall down to the visitor's mid-thigh while the rest of the leg was adorned by white knee high stockings with little red bows. The outfit was shocking enough though what surprised the doctor more was who was wearing it.

"Birthday?"

"Hello, Ratio, I'm your candy striper." A broad smile graced the blonde's features only for his hand to come and tap the bottom of Ratio's chin when the man's jaw dropped slightly, "Uh-uh, I said striper not stripper. Now why don't you be a good boy and hop into bed while I go make you some tea?"

Birthday slipped into the apartment before Ratio could snap out of his bewildered state of mind. He set down his bag of goodies on his way to the kitchen to boil a pot of tea, all the while making sure he didn't trip, fall, or twist an ankle in the scarlet red heels.

'How the hell do women wear these contraptions?' Birthday thought, though they seemed to be working for dazed blue eyes followed every bounce of that skirt, having not noticed the white bunches of ruffles beneath it which gave it even more volume until now.

After a few moments of gaping like a fish out of water, the doctor finally willed himself to snap out of the hypnotic gaze and shut his door before someone saw Birthday walking around his home like that. He'd rather not have to answer odd questions or have people think this was a daily occurrence because it most certainly was not.

"Birthday," Ratio tried in vain to make his voice sound threatening, though it was too hoarse to be heard over the running water. He sighed once more, coming to stand at the threshold of his kitchen before calling out to the other but firmer this time. "Birthday."

"Hm? Do you need something?"

"No, I'm fine. It's just what are you doing here?"

"Taking care of you of course." Birthday chimed, "These stripes don't earn themselves."

Ratio found another weary sigh passing his lips. "Birthday, candy stripers haven't been around for some time, as the term now is volunteer. Also they never wore things like hmpf!"

Birthday abruptly slipped in a thermometer into the doctor's mouth before he could say another word. "Keep that there for a minute." Birthday instructed. He wasn't deterred at all by Ratio's ramblings as he moved around the kitchen to get them two mugs for the tea.

Meanwhile, a single blue eye followed the blond around the kitchen begrudgingly, knowing perfectly well that no matter what he said Birthday wasn't leaving anytime soon.

Birthday poured out the heated water into the two mugs before placing in the tea bag to soak. Then he mixed in a spoonful of sugar with a little honey to sooth Ratio's burning throat.

"Now let's check that temperature." Birthday plucked the thermometer from Ratio's mouth, "Would you look at that. You really are a sick boy."

"Hm, perhaps you should go. I wouldn't want you to catch it."

"Oh, but I can't leave you like this. Besides," a mischievous glint flickered in those electrifying eyes, "I haven't shown you my bag of goodies yet."

_'There's more?!' _

Reading the other's thoughts, a broad smile graced the blond's features though he hid it behind his steaming cup of tea "Oh, there's so much more."

It wasn't long until Birthday had dragged the sick doctor out into the living room by the hand. The more dressed up of the two, set his mug down in favor of picking up his identically red-white striped bag that held all his goodies for Ratio.

"Are you ready, doctor?"

"As ready as I'll ever be."

Birthday lightly shook his head at Ratio's apparent lack of enthusiasm, though it didn't stop him from reaching into his bag. "Let's see, first we have dominoes." A dark brow rose questioningly, before Birthday continued. "A fuzzy blanket to keep you warm, a can of chicken noodle soup, movies, lollipops mm~."

"No handcuffs?"

"That's for later." A teasing smirk upturned the blond's lips. "So what would you like to do first, doctor?"

Ratio thought for a moment, knowing that no matter what he said, there was use in trying to throw the blond out. Birthday wasn't leaving. A sigh of resignation passed his lips before he held his hand out expectantly, "Hand over the dominoes."

-x-x-x-

When the credits began to roll, blue eyes glanced over at his companion, a soft smile gracing his features. A trail of dominoes, three rounds of slap jack, and a few lollipops later, the doctor at last fell asleep in the fuzzy candy cane blanket Birthday had insisted he have.

Carefully, Birthday got up from the couch, going to get a thermometer to take Ratio's temperature. Birthday pressed a different thermometer from before against Ratio's ear, pleased as it seemed that Ratio's fever was gone.

Yes, Ratio's fever was gone as the next day he would be back along with everything else; back to a monotonous routine. Nothing had changed. Even in his compromising outfit nothing had changed. Perhaps both their heart rates at certain moments, but other than that, everything remained the same.

A dejected sigh passed Birthday's lips at the thought of it. He had placed all the dominoes perfectly, each and every piece, and yet they never seemed to fall correctly. He was sure that this time they would. That this time he would be able to catch the doctor's attention, though it was all in vain it would seem.

"Goodnight, Ratio." Birthday softly whispered, pulling the blanket up to the doctor's chin. Though before he could pull away, a swift hand came to wrap around Birthday's wrist and pull him down.

Birthday had let out a surprised cry, easily losing his balance in those blasted red heels however the shock was short lived. He found a blanket wrapped around him along with a secure arm and a clear blue eye looking down at him.

"I don't believe I've dismissed you yet, candy striper."

"Oh," Birthday couldn't help but smile teasingly. Had the dominoes finally fallen? No, Birthday thought. This was Ratio teasing, always teasing as nothing had changed though for some reason Birthday didn't seem to mind at the moment. Instead his hand came to grasp the back of Ratio's neck and pull him down closer so that his lips just ghosted over the man's ear.

"My apologies, doctor. What would you have me do?"

A smile crossed the doctor's features at those words. A smile that could easily be called sadistic, though he remained composed nonetheless with Birthday's heated breath crashing against his skin.

"You wouldn't have those handcuffs at hand would you?"

The End

A/N: So...I'm not sure about this one. Hmm, well I hope you enjoyed it nonetheless. Thanks for all the reviews/favs/alerts they really make me happy. Next one I believe is the crossover so if you don't like that then you can skip that. And now with chapter 16 done I can confirm that it will be Birthrate. Your welcome Birthrate fans and as for NiceArt fans, I'm sorry, I just need to come up with more bunnies for them and then actually get down to writing them. Anyway thanks for reading if you've gotten down this far and take care!

14. A Promise

Rated: K

WC: 736

**A/N: This is a crossover so if you don't like crossovers or the fandoms involved feel free to skip this one. Next one is NiceArt and BirthRate in the same chapter. For this chapter pairing featured are L-elf/Haruto, Nice/Art, and Aoba/Dio. **

Valvrave/Hamatora/Buddy Complex Crossover Drabble: A Promise

"You are my friend." Blue eyes widened as if in remembrance to who the man before him was. A hand came up to playfully strike the man like a friend wouldâ€¦or at least that's what he thought a friend would do. They teased each other and played around, bickered, laughed, cried.

However his hand fell short with his nerves finally capitulating at last. Lips parted in protest to say one more thing. Just one more word, but nothing was produced. Instead he managed a small upturn of his lips before those blue eyes closed for the final time.

'Thank you for being my friend.'

"Haruto!" the superintendent shot up, violet eyes wide open in horror only to blink slowly in realization that it was only a dream. Still, his chest heaved as if he could not breathe while a light sheen of sweat had formed across his brow.

'It was just a dream.' He told himself in order to sooth his erratic heartbeat. _'It was just a dream; only a dreamâ€¦'_ violet eyes blinked away the tears that began to form. _'Then why did it feel so real?'_

Art was nearly startled when he felt the body beside him stir, though his shock was short lived as a relieved smile spread across his features. The other was still asleep, alive, and breathing with his auburn hair in utter disarray across the white pillow. The superintendent's smile grew at the sight of it, tears drying as he leaned down to press a chaste kiss upon the young man's brow.

"I will always protect you, Nice; I promise you this."

Little did he know, the young minimum holder was awake all the while, softly smiling at the words uttered, though as to not ruin the moment he kept his eyes closed and continued to feign sleep until his bed partner lied down once more. A curious blue eye cracked open, peering through dark lashes to catch a glimpse of Art's eyes closed, lips slightly parted as he slept soundly. Only then did Nice carefully inch closer, secure arms warping around Art in reassurance.

"I promise to hold you, Art." Nice whispered softly, "When you feel like you can't."

"Artâ€¦" the name slipped from the pilot's lips like a distant memory.

"Aoba! Aoba, are you there?"

At the sound of his name being called, emerald eyes blinked from the sudden trance to look upon the man who had called him.

"Yes, Dio. I'm fine." He assured the other pilot.

"Aoba, it was your chance to go back to the past. Why would you pass it up?"

Aoba turned to the other pilot beside him, contemplating himself why he hadn't gone back. He did it for Hina, for her. He did it so she would not have to continue repeating her torturous never ending cycle, but now as he thought back on his decision, there were other factors as well.

"This guy wasn't thinking."

"What'd you say?" Aoba's train of thought was suddenly derailed by his friend's voice before persisting, "There will be more

chances!"

"How optimistic." Dio's lips upturned in what could only be a teasing smirk, reminding Aoba of one strikingly similar, though he could not explain where he had seen it before. He just knew that he had if it was in this life time or perhaps another. Nonetheless, the words echoed through his head of promises yet to be completed.

_ 'You are my friend.' _

_ 'I will always protect you, Nice; I promise you this.' _

_ "I promise to hold you Art. When you feel like you can't.' _

With a small smile of his own, Aoba understood, even if he didn't understand where the unknown images were procured, he knew he had his own promise to keep.

He shook his head lightly at the irony of it all, "Perhaps," he humored Dio. "Anyway, there's a certain someone who would feel lonely if I were gone."

"Are you talking about me?"

"Is there anyone else?" Aoba questioned, internally relishing in Dio's poor attempt at trying to convince him that he wouldn't miss him at all. Besides, even if Dio's argument was convincing it wouldn't have deterred Aoba from his promise.

_ 'I might not be a soldier, but I promise to fight by your side always, Dio.' _

The End

A/N: *Shrugs* hoped you liked it...I don't know. I've never really written for Buddy Complex, and just a little for Valvrave but not much so...yeah. Well thanks for all those that have reviewed/faved/alerted this series of drabbles, and I hope to post the next one soon. Thanks for reading and take care!

15. Knock Knock

Rated: K

WC: 434

Nice/Art + Ratio/Birthday Drabble: Knock Knock

"Knock knock." Violet eyes briefly glanced up from their work to meet those expectant blue orbs shinning back at him.

"Who's there?" the superintendent decided to humor the young minimum holder.

To which said man idly replied with, "Kiss."

"Kiss who?"

"Me."

Violet eyes were met with a broad cheeky smile as Art couldn't help but smile himself. He halfheartedly rolled his eyes at the raise of challenging brow Nice had sent him, daring him to do so. With a swift glance around the small café to make sure no one was around, Art leaned over to place a chaste kiss upon the minimum holder's lips.

However, when he made to pull away, he felt a tug around his neck as the hold on his tie restricted him from doing so. Meanwhile, Nice had pursued those retreating lips, not quite satisfied just yet.

"Ah, but it was only a few days old. I don't seeâ€".

At the sound of the familiar voice, Art went to pull away, though Nice held him where he was, not caring who was looking. Before the offender could snicker at his two friends, another hand forcefully dragged him out of the room.

"Perhaps you should have knocked first."

"Tch," Birthday lightly shook his head before his blue eyes gleamed mischievously when a brilliant idea came to mind. "Hey Ratio, knock knock."

"No one's home. Come back later."

Birthday shrugged, not deterred at all by Ratio's words. Instead his smile grew while his dark shades slipped down his nose far enough for those blue eyes to look back at Ratio. "Later, eh? I can do that, but Ratio." A teasing hand came to tug playfully at the end of Ratio's navy tie, "Don't keep me waiting too long."

"Hm?" the doctor's exposed eye shone that of amusement to the other's antics as he pulled his tie free from the other's hold. "You know, patience is a virtue."

"Patience is a virtue; just not one of mine."

A sigh slipped past the doctor's lips, "Very well, who's there?"

"Birthday."

"Birthday who?"

"Your Birthday." Birthday leaned up, lips catching Ratio's unexpectedly. Blue eyes widened at the sudden kiss, though before he could do anything to reciprocate, Birthday had pulled back with a Cheshire grin.

"See you later, Ratio-cchi." Birthday gave a final departing smile before slipping past the dazed doctor. Meanwhile a hand came up to expose the patched eye, only to still.

"Hmpf," a smile came to grace the doctor's features. "I see, Birthday...my Birthday."

End

A/N: Cheesy I know, but... I couldn't resist. Next one is just BirthRate and one that I actually like. (Not saying I don't like the other ones but...I guess I consider this one less crappy...?) Anyway, thanks for reading if you gotten down this far and take care!

16. Hands & Bonus

****Rated: K****

****WC: 739****

******A/N:** Excuse the crappy title (I'd name it the Golden Touch but I'm saving that one for later), and this is rated K because the original version was turning a bit smutty, but I edited the original and posted it at the bottom of this one as a bonus. So...onwards my friends.********

******Ratio/Birthday Drabble: Hands******

"Hey Ratio" the man's words fell silent at the sight of his partner sound asleep sitting up. His arms were crossed against his chest while his head was lightly bowed, dark strands of hair falling across his weary features.

A small smile crept upon Birthday's features at the sight of the sleeping doctor. With light steps, he tip-toed his way over to where Ratio was sitting in order to sit across from him, chin resting upon clasped hands while blue eyes hidden by dark shades studied the man before him.

The man's features were relaxed, soft as there seemed to be a hint of a dark circle forming beneath the exposed side of his eye. His thin lips were slightly parted, breathing slowly through his mouth as he dreamt of well Birthday would like to think it was him but considering the man wasn't smiling it couldn't possibly be about him. Maybe some medical journal he had read a few days ago. That sounded about right.

Nonetheless, the eccentric man began to quickly grow bored just watching the man sleep. A yawn passed his lips as if the other man's weariness was contagious. Finally, after a minute or two of thinking it over, or not really thinking it over, he rose from his seat to approach the doctor. He first gave an experimental poke to the man's side, and when Ratio showed no signs of stirring, Birthday carefully eased himself into the other's lap.

Hands came to attentively unfold the doctor's hands when his fingers brushed against the leather material of the gloves. Blue eyes glanced down at the gloved hand in his, not helping but remembering when Ratio had suddenly approached him one day with the gloves. They improved him he told him. They gave him golden arms in order to make him stronger, useful in combat as if his minimum wasn't enough.

Something weighed heavy within Birthday's gut at the thought of it as he slowly pulled at the forefinger of the glove with the intention of sliding it off. Even if these arms were not Ratio's, were something that facultas had gave him, they were a part of him now and Birthday, for some unknown reason, had a sudden urge to feel them.

With the first glove off, Birthday tossed the glove to the side in favor of surveying the golden arm. His fingertips came to caress the top of the man's arm, just below the elbow, before tracing his way down to the golden fingertips. His fingers rose and fell with every dip and curve within the metal, eyes following as he did so. When his fingers came to the other's, he found himself lacing them together, gold against pale skin, one in the same. No matter how much facultas tried to change them for their own benefits, they never would be able to change who they really were. Birthday would make sure of that.

He set the hand around his waist before beginning to work with the other, and instead of wrapping this one around him he held it. He kept the warm metal hand within his, knowing the strength that laid behind them, but also the gentleness of the man that wielded them.

_ 'Please don't ever change.' _ Birthday thought as he leaned against Ratio, his head resting against the man's shoulder as he closed his own eyes and focused solely on the man's slowed rhythmic breathing.

It was not long until Birthday began to lean more heavily upon Ratio, the weight finally beginning to rouse the other. An exposed blue eye slowly blinked to life, hand coming to stifle a yawn when he felt he could not move it. There was already a hand in his preventing him from doing so as there was an entire person on him preventing him from moving at all.

A small, weary sigh passed those lips, though he could not help but lightly smile at the sleeping Birthday sitting upon his lap. His golden arm wrapped more securely around his partner, holding him while he slept while Birthday subconsciously burrowed further into those golden arms. Even if these arms were not first Ratio's, they were now a part of him, and Birthday couldn't think of any other place he'd rather be than tightly embraced within them.

The End

* * *

><p>***Bonus***

****Rated:** T (For implied adult theme) Or more so leading up to adult things. I've edited it so it would be rated T. If you would like to dispute it, feel free to. Also, you lucky ducks. I haven't even posted this one on my blog so here you go!**

****WC:** 492**

****Part of the Original:****

It mattered little how the two had ended up from the living room to the bedroom, but only that sure gloved hands never left his, holding him tight. A single exposed blue eye surveyed the lithe from beneath him with an unearthly fire that the man had never seen before. At the sight of it, thin lips quirked up into a small smile, no longer teasing but out of pure happiness.

The smile was contagious as the doctor could not help but smile

himself before he leaned down once more to capture those lips with his own. Curious gloved hands came to stroke the man's side, traveling down towards the hem of the cotton shirt. However, before he could slip them underneath the soft fabric, a hand came to still his.

A single exposed blue eye opened, lips pulling away from Birthday to look at the other questioningly. Had he changed his mind? Had he read the silent messages wrong? Ratio's thoughts began to race, worried he had made a mistake somehow but instead the hand upon his came to draw his hand up to now freed lips.

Electrifying blue eyes held the doctor's while he came to nip at the gloved index finger and tug upon the leather dark glove with his teeth.

"Birthdayâ€|"

"I want to feel you." Birthday tugged the rest of the glove off, revealing the gold metal hand. A smile curled the corners of his lips at the sight of it. He then came to repeat the same action to the other hand while an uncertain eye followed the other's movements questioningly.

"Birthdaâ€"

"Ratio," Birthday came to sit up, a hand upon the other's chest forcing the doctor to sit up so that he could straddle the man's lap comfortably. There was a mischievous glint in those blue eyes when his fingers glided across the metal arms, moving them to wrap around his waist.

"Well what are you waiting for, doctor?" a devilish smile graced the blond's lips, "I want to feel you; all of you."

An attentive hand came up to lift the doctor's eye patch with great care. However, Ratio's one eye remained closed to Birthday, still unsure what his partner was up to.

"Tch," Birthday clicked his tongue disapprovingly before leaning down to press a light kiss upon the closed eye while the other instinctively closed as well.

"Don't hide from me, doctor." Birthday requested. If he was going to be with Ratio like this then he wanted Ratio completely with nothing else between them. Nothing to hide behind. No eye patches or gloves to mask the man that laid beneath them. He wanted to see the man, and he wanted Ratio to see him in return.

At Birthday's words, the usually covered eye slowly opened, coming to find electrifying blue eyes staring back at him with a large pleased smile.

"There you are." Birthday's smile widened once more, "Now I see you."

End

**A/N: So there you have it. I feel as though the next chapter should be NiceArt but to be honest, I haven't been able to come up with

drabble ideas for them. I've only been able to come across chapter stories which I can't do at the moment. However, I do have a dark, cracky MoralexMurasaki drabble underway due to a lovely person placing it in head. That person knows who they are. So I'm not sure if that will be the next chapter. Sorry, I'm usually able to warn you what the next chapter is, but I've finally caught you up to my blog so...*pat on the back**

Thanks for reading if you've gotten down this far and thanks for all that have reviewed/faved/alerted this series of drabbles. Those awesome people know who they are. Thanks again and take care!

17. Just This Once

Rated T: For implied adult themes

WC: 501

A/N: So this is was inspired by the post: "**Imagine your OTP lying next to each other in bed, staring at the ceiling, embarrassed and slightly alarmed by the wild, intense, filthy sex they just had."****I will be writing these 'imagine your OTP' prompts when I pass by them no matter what it is as a challenge to myself...I wonder if any of these will make me bump up the rating to rated M. I hope not...perhaps I'll make it into a one-shot if I need to. Anyway, enough of my rambling, and onto NiceArt at last. **

Nice/Art Drabble: Just This Once

"Thatâ€¦wasâ€¦"

"Shhâ€¦" the superintendent hushed the person beside him, chest still heaving for much needed air while his ears drummed with his erratic heartbeat. The light sheen of sweat began to dry while the complexion of his skin remained thoroughly flushed. Strands of lilac hair uncomfortably stuck to his skin as the rest remained in utter disarray splayed upon the wrinkled sheets.

Blue eyes glanced over at their partner, pleasantly surprised by the light somewhat sheepish chuckle that escaped past those bruised lips. A weary hand came to stifle his laughter, but the damage had been done. It was contagious as Nice couldn't help but laugh himself.

Even when Art felt boneless, muscles pulled like sweet taffy, and his entire body aching, a completely satisfied smile graced his features. Before he knew it, he felt searching fingers brushing against his, and though his limbs were weighed down by fatigue, his fingers automatically intertwined with the other's.

"Next timeâ€¦don't keep me waiting for so long."

"Why, did you not enjoy tonight?"

"No, that's not it." Nice scooted closer, wrapping his arms around Art while never letting go of his lover's hand. "More so we should do this more often."

"Hmpf," Art softly chuckled once more, "I wouldn't be able to walk if we did."

"Then I would carry you."

"As tempting as that seems, I'm afraid I'll have to turn you down." Art shook his head lightly, thinking it demeaning if Nice were to carry him around everywhere, not to mention embarrassing.

"Ah, if you say so." Nice slowly began to rise from the bed, lightly grimacing at the protest his sore muscles seemed to make. Meanwhile, violet eyes glanced over questioningly, wondering where his source of warmth was going.

"We should probably get washed up. Can you walk to the bathroom?"

Violet eyes widened slightly to the question at hand before releasing a small relenting sigh. "Fine—just this once."

Art expected to see the infamous all-knowing smirk upon the young minimum holder's lips, but instead he was only met with a genuine smile of understanding before firm arms came to wrap around him once more and carefully lift him up.

With Art in his arms, Nice began to make his way towards the bathroom, smiling all the while. He liked carrying Art, and it wasn't because he thought of it as demeaning or an act of superiority, but because when he carried Art, he felt like he could carry the world.

"Art, I love you."

Said man looked over at Nice, finding it an odd time to say such a thing, however he could not deny the young man's words when doting, blue eyes were beaming up at him with such warmth.

"You know, I might not mind this."

"Good, because I'm never letting you go."

At the promise, Art leaned his forehead against the other's, arms coming to wrap securely around Nice's neck with an identical smile gracing his features.

"Nice, I love you too."

The End

**A/N: So there you have it. I hope you enjoyed the small fluff, and thank you to all those that have read/reviewed/alerted/checked/faved this series of drabbles. I really do appreciate all the love. On a separate note I strategically made this NiceArt as a buffer to the next chapter which is Moral/Murasaki. If you would rather not delve into that cracky pairing, then I will see you next time for chapter 19 which is looking out to be BirthRate. If you don't like them then...*Shrugs* I have no idea, perhaps I'll see you for chapter 20. Thanks for reading if you've gotten down this far, and take care!

**

18. Keeper of Your Heart

****Rated: T ****

****WC: 868****

****Warnings:** Blood (light/not descriptive), character death, and very weird, cracky pairing ahead. Also this is not fluffy *shakes head* oh no, definitely not. Oh and I apologize for the OOCness.**

****A/N:** This was inspired by StarlightBreaker, so you can thank them for this drabble. I hope you like this, and thank you for this lovely crack pairing.

>

****Moral/Murasaki Drabble: Keeper of Your Heart****

_ 'Minimums, little miracles.' _A bitter laugh slipped past the man's lips at the thought of it, "Some more miraculous than others."

A small smile tugged the corners of his lips at the sound of a door opening and softly shutting behind him followed by the sure footsteps of the owner of the office he found himself in. Long arms reached out to wrap around his lithe frame, a pointed chin coming to rest upon his shoulder.

"What a lovely surprise."

"Should I not be here?" The younger of the two questioned, not sure if the one behind him was entirely sincere.

"You may do as you like, my dear Murasaki." Thin lips came to press a chaste kiss upon the nape of the young minimum holder's neck. "It's always nice to have you around."

The body within his hold stiffened at the certain word, producing a broad grin of amusement to slash across his lips, "Hm, interesting." The man noted, letting the minimum holder go in favor of averting his attention upon his other prized possessions. The red light illuminated such treasures ominously though neither seemed to be bothered. For one the various brains around the room were venerated while to the other they were a necessary evil to reach his goal.

"You sound happy."

"And you sound displeased." The professor's smile faltered, at the sight of those amethyst eyes spurning him, "Come, my dear, I'd like to show you something."

The professor offered a hand out for the other to take, and though the younger knew that he would be crazy to take the hand he took it nonetheless. He had crossed that line long ago when he first took the man's hand years ago.

With Murasaki's hand in his, Moral guided him farther up his office until they came to stand before a particular glass jar that stood resolute among the others. Not only was it separated from the rest but it was empty. Pale brows furrowed questioningly at the professor

only to be met with a mischievous grin.

"This, dear, is especially reserved." Moral began to explain while pale hands came to Murasaki's scarlet sweatshirt, beginning to slip the article of clothing off the man's broad shoulders, "It will hold what we both desire." Lips descended once more to draw a trail down the man's neck, earning a soft satisfied hum, "It will hold something very _nice_ indeed."

Now it was Murasaki's turn to smile, tilting his head to the side in order to better accommodate his lover or more so a lover by definition or convenience. There was no feeling behind those touches, no love, or any other emotion other than momentary satisfaction. Therefore he had no trouble when he felt a gentle hand push him down to sit upon the desk, nor did he have any qualms when he felt sharp teeth scrape across his pale skin almost teasingly.

No, all there was, was his goal as Moral had the wings that would take him there. They were not wings of an angel, but wings tainted in black. Nonetheless, they were wings that could fly, and would serve his purpose until the very end.

Therefore, when amethyst eyes fell upon the diabolical professor for the last time, lying in his own crimson pool, no tears were shed. Instead his feet carried him to his late friend. A splatter of blood traced the trajectory trail of the bullet while the murder himself laid beside him with a sickly smile and an identical self-inflicted wound.

"Hm," Murasaki hummed, a smile gracing his features at the sight, "This was unexpected, but we reached our goal in the end, didn't we, Moral?" amethyst eyes flicked back upon the late professor once more however there was no sense of gratification when he did. Only an enigmatic feeling of sentiment he never felt before.

With little to no thought, his feet led him to the late professor's side, amethyst eye studying ever so sharp pale features of the man. Gentle fingers came to close those eyes nearly as dark as his for the final time before they came to trace over the cold lips that still smiled as they always did when they faced Murasaki. With that thought, a smile of his own came to curl Murasaki's lips once more with contentment.

"Thank you, Professor," Murasaki's hand came to hover over the man's heart while the other came to slide off his glasses, "For making me irrevocably number one."

In one swift motion, the minimum holder's deadly grip took what he wanted, before he trekked his way back to a certain room, lined with luminous red shadows. Sure feet came to stand before one resolute jar among the rest, and attentively placed the once beating heart within the glass jar. The jar reserved specifically for what he most desired.

Amethyst eyes gazed fondly at the blackened heart, for even if it was tainted by unatonable sins, there was something more that lurked within the deepest chambers. One that one could never understand.

"Thank you, Professor." a trembling hand came to ghost over the

pristine glass, vision beginning to blur due to unshed tears, "Thank you for giving me your heart."

The End

****A/N: Thanks for reading, and take care!****

19. Wait For Me

****Rated K+ or T for mentioned mature themes but I think it's pretty safe.****

****WC: 1,301 *sigh* I went over drabble length****

****A/N: So I quickly whipped this out for Nice's birthday, and I apologize in advance for any typos or whatever, but I've been gone all day and I'm too tired to proof read this. Sorry. ****

****Nice/Art Drabble: Wait For Me****

Blue eyes surveyed the small café, searching for a certain head of soft lilac hair only to fall short.

'Where are you, Art?'

It didn't take a genius to find the superintendent for there were only two places he could be: inside or out. Since he was not among the others, Nice excused himself from the party for a moment to step outside. A small smile came to curl the corners of his lips at the sight of the man leaning against the side of the store front, arms crossed and head bowed as a tell-tale sign that someone was starting to grow drowsy.

'Old man.' Nice mirthfully thought to himself, though his light chuckle reached the Superintendent nonetheless as violet eyes glanced up with a pleasantly surprised smile of his own.

"Sorry, were you looking for me?"

"I was." Nice came to stand beside the other. "Tired?"

"A little." Art admitted with a weary sigh, "Though don't let me ruin your night."

"No, you're not. Besides, I have a feeling you have something up your sleeve for later."

"Why do I have this feeling what's up my sleeve isn't exactly platonic?"

"Because we're not exactly platonic, are we?" a devilish grin came to grace the young minimum holder's features.

"Just because you're the birthday boy doesn't mean you get the birthday suit."

"What?"

Now it was Art's turn to send a teasing smile which turned contagious

for Nice couldn't help but smile once more himself. He came to lean his back against the wall, identical to Art as the two fell into a peaceful silence, simply enjoying one another's company.

As the tranquil silence continued, Nice came to slip his hands in his pocket, feeling the smooth surface of the object brush against his fingers. Thin lips upturned in anticipation to the small reminder to what he held in his pocket.

"Two years." Nice finally broke the silence between them, causing a questioning pale brow to rise.

"Two years?"

"Hm, I turn eighteen today so two more years."

"Ah," Art nodded his head in understanding, "do you think you'll be ready by then to become an adult?"

"I hope so." Art's teasing smile faltered slightly by the other's minor change of demeanor. A pregnant silence fell between them, violet eyes coming to study the young minimum holder carefully, though for once he could not tell what was running through the red head's mind. Only that perhaps the other was nervousâ€|?

"Art?"

"Yes?" said man swiftly glanced up to meet blue cerulean eyes staring back at him with more intensity than he had expected.

"Iâ€|I have something for you."

"You do?" Art's smile returned, "Aren't you the one supposed to be receiving gifts today, not the other way around?"

"Well this is sort of like a gift to me depending onâ€|uhâ€|" Nice shook his head as if to say forget about what he had just said since it did nothing but confuse Art even more than before.

"Here," Nice reveled the small object from his pocket much to the superintendent's surprise. Nice smiled sheepishly, hand coming to scratch the back of his head out of a nervous habit.

"Ahâ€|I know it's not much, but in two years I should be able to save something up soâ€|hopefully this should suffice for nowâ€|?"

Curious violet eyes looked down at the small plastic capsule one got from a twenty-five cent vending machine, wondering what Nice was up to. While Nice continued to ramble, Art popped opened the capsule, violet eyes widening in surprise.

"Niceâ€|"

Nice fell silent, blue eyes staring attentively over at the other, trying to sense what the man was thinking. Seeing the violet eyes soften and a smile threatening to form, he went to pluck the small plastic ring from the opened capsule.

"Will you wear it?" Nice asked, his smile growing impossibly larger

by the second.

"Iâ€|are you sure about this? Many things could happen in two years." Art noted hesitantly, averting his gaze from Nice while a myriad of possibilities of the future ran through his mind, all ending in some sort of separation. In two years Nice could meet someone else. He could think Art was too old for him, or perhaps he would grow bored of him.

"Yes, many things could happen in two years." Nice agreed, "You could grow tired of me, or find me annoyingly childish and young. You could find someone more mature, more successful; someone who can take care of you." _'Quite frankly the thought terrifies meâ€|'_ "However, even though I know I don't deserve youâ€|I love you. So I'm selfishly asking you to wear this in order to let me know that you love me too. And if by the end of two years, when I'm finally an adult and you're still wearing it, I'll replace it with a real silver band."

Violet eyes swiftly turned towards Nice, surprised by Nice's words as he wondered if he had heard him right. _'He couldn't possibly think I would fall for another.'_ Art shook his head lightly, wanting to believe Nice's words, but doubt held him back or perhaps it was his own fears that kept him from readily agreeing.

"Are youâ€|can you wait that long?"

"Art," A caring hand came to cup the superintendent's cheek, returning the man's gaze to him to make sure he heard him clearly, "If it takes two years before I can spend a lifetime with you, then yes. I could wait even longer if you need me to. The real question is, will you wait for me?"

Violet eyes blinked lightly in disbelief, though he could no longer deny the other's words or even his own heart.

He nodded in agreement, a small smile coming to grace his features once more. "Yes, yes I'll wait for you."

Strong arms came to pull the superintendent in his arms, relieved and elated to Art's agreement. Meanwhile the other returned the embrace, still slightly dazed from the sudden event, though the changing of his complexion belied the pure happiness which filled him.

Art stayed in Nice's arms for a few moments longer before Nice pulled away in favor of taking Art's left hand in his, and slipping the ring on. The man's fingers were thin, making the ring nearly a perfect fit. A little tight, but Art would live with it. He rather it a little tight than loose, and if he must he could simply keep the ring on a chain.

Violet eyes remained on the ring, admiring how it looked despite the cost or the material for it was the significance and the promise that lied behind it that mattered.

Nice grinned despite the slight ache that was beginning to form along his cheek bones from smiling so much.

"I think this might be the best birthday present ever."

"Really? And I haven't even given you my Birthday suit yet." Art

offered a teasing smile once more.

"I stand corrected; nothing beats your birthday suit." Nice leaned down to give Art a chaste kiss, "And hopefully I'll see it every birthday."

"Hm, I'll see what I can do." Art promised, though there was no rush. After all, Nice will have a lifetime to see him and his birthday suit.

The End

****A/N:** This was inspired by the song "Endlessly" by The Cab, and also age of consent in Japan is 13, so don't send me flames for that. And then you're not considered an adult until you're 20. So Art and Nice could legally be together (whether that is socially acceptable or not I don't know. I'm not from Japan), just not married until Nice turns 20. He could at age 18 with consent of parents but we never hear about them, and it would ruin the purpose of this soâ€¦I hope you enjoyed.**

****P.S.** I will make sure to get back to everyone else that have reviewed, sorry for the delay, but thank you nonetheless! Thanks for reading and take care!**

20. BirthRate untitled

****Inspired by this post from otpprompts:****

****Imagine your OTP at the altar of a church, about to get married. Just as they're about to kiss, Person A wakes up in bed, sobbing and staring at the empty space beside them. In reality, Person B died years ago.****

****WC:572****

****Rated: K****

****Warning:** Character death, and perhaps trigger warning? Not sure...Basically it talks about wanting to be dead so yes, it is a TRIGGER WARNING. Read with caution, and please DO NOT READ IF YOU ARE CURRENTLY HAVING NEGATIVE THOUGHTS. **

****A/N:** I am so sorry for this oneâ€¦Like I couldn't even end it the way I wanted to because I was too depressed by that point. Again so sorry, and excuse me, I have to go find some fluffy BirthRate fanart now. Also, I have no idea what to title this so it will remain unnamed until I can figure something out...**

****Ratio/Birthday Drabble: Unnamed ****

Morning light shined through the stained glass windows, painting the man's white suit in an array of colors, though what shined the brightest were those blue eyes both unveiled to show complete adoration. Thin lips upturned into a smile, warmer than anyone has seen from the usually composed doctor before the fateful words, "I do" were spoken.

Ears remained deaf to the priest's words, focusing solely on the man

before him. The man that had stayed by his side through every rise and fall of his life so far. And the man who promised to continue to stand by his side, no matter what else life decided to hurl at them. It was Ratio and him against the world like it has always been and always will be.

"I do." The words came effortlessly, an electrifying smile alighting the man's features. A light ache began to run along his jaw from smiling so much, though he could not bring himself to care. All that mattered was the doctor's golden hand coming to brush against his cheek, lifting his chin up ever so slightly. Something began to flutter within his chest, as he felt a small tingle at the base of his spine in anticipation.

However, those kind lips never met his as blue eyes wearily fluttered open to peer over thick lashes at what he expected to be his Ratio smiling back at him.

There was nothing. Nothing but emptiness, and the ephemeral memory of missed lips.

Fingers came to bunch in the old sheets, having never been changed since that fateful day. Sometimes if Birthday closed his eyes and buried his nose long enough in them, he could still register that faint lingering scent of hydrogen peroxide as he could imagine the doctor cleaning wounds. And some days the scent was sweet like freshly brewed coffee beans the doctor drank in order to keep his caffeinated buzz.

The scent changed each day, reminding Birthday of small things he had once considered trivial but now meant everything to him. However, that night, like every night he woke up from the same dream, he could not pick up anything. No matter how far he buried his nose against the wrinkled linen, there was nothing but his own scent.

'You're truly goneâ€|'

Blue eyes began to profusely blink, trying to keep the tears at bay, though his will had grown weak. His painstakingly fabricated illusion burnt to cinders by reality.

'Why? Why did you leave; why did you leave me?!' _His head screamed for his voice had gone hoarse from screaming only hours before.

'You promisedâ€|you promised you would never die.'

"I promise I will never let you die."

"Tch," Birthday bitterly huffed even as the tears began to run freely. Thin lips upturned into a crooked smile, and his chest rumbled with a scornful laugh at the other's words echoing through his head.

"Idiotâ€|" _'How did you expect me to live without you?'_

Birthday let go of the sheets, coming to roll on his side with his legs tucked up and arms securely wrapped around them in a fetal position. Rimmed red eyes wearily closed, no longer bitter but numb. The silence no longer seemed deafening, but a silent embrace. The

silence welcomed his illusions once more, his dream that perhaps he were dead too.

'The day you died, I died right beside you.'

"I will never let you die."

'You already did.'

End

A/N: So...yeah...uh, thanks for reading. Hope I didn't ruin your day, and take care!

P.S. Thank you so much to all those that reviewed/faved/alerted, I did not expect this to reach over 50 reviews, and I feel as though I should do something special for you guys as a thank you. But since I have no idea what to do, please let me know if you would like anything whether it's a fic request or what you want in the next drabble, just let me know through a review or PM. Your wish is my command! *bows*

21. You're Under Arrest

Rated: k+ for suggested violence

WC: 751

A/N: So I posted this one on my blog a while ago, and forgot to do so here. I apologize, but for it you're now getting two chapters. Anyway, I didn't expect as much love as I got for this drabble, so I hope you like it too. Without further ado...the two being dorks.

Nice/Art Drabble: You're Under Arrest

Violet eyes glanced up from their paperwork, amusement beginning to dance within those violet irises when he saw the other standing before him. The sound of clinking metal was self-incriminating enough, though now he could finally see the piece of metal dangling from the minimum holder's wrist.

"Causing trouble I see." The Superintendent lightly mused, a smile coming to curl the corners of his lips.

Nice on the other hand just shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly, though his mischievous smirk belied his guilt.

"It's your fault you know."

"How so?"

"You've been ignoring me."

"I've been busy." Art explained simply, though his excuse did not seem to suffice for the young minimum holder as he rounded the desk to stand before Art.

"I've been lonely."

"So now you're acting out by causing havoc?"

"No," Nice shook his head, coming to lean in closer towards Art, "I've been an angel, you on the other hand I cannot say the same."

Art could only smile incredulously up at Nice, as he wondered what exactly the other was up to.

"If you're such an angel how did you get yourself half arrested?"

Nice's smile only widened at the question as Art knew whatever happened couldn't have been anything good. However, before he could say another word, he heard a loud click. Violet eyes swiftly looked down at his wrist before glancing back up at Nice, shock evident in his eyes.

"Art, you're under arrest."

"N-Nice!"

"You have the right to remain silent."

"Nice get it off!"

"Anything you say will be held against you."

"Nice!"

"With these rights in mind, do you wish to speak to me?"

Violet eyes narrowed as he breathed in deeply, mentally counting to ten before lifting his handcuffed wrist while Nice's wrist followed in time. On the other hand, Nice's smile did not falter in the slightest while they were chained together.

After a moment or two, a smile crossed Art's own features as he humored the other by pleading, "Not guilty."

"Overruled." Nice leaned in closer once more, "I hereby sentence you to life in prison, and I'm your warden."

Before Art could properly retort, he felt lips collide against his. They were demanding, hungry as they pressed against his, and though Art wasn't one to fool around at work, he couldn't help but kiss back. It was true he had been ignoring Nice in favor of work, and perhaps he had ignored him for too long for he had missed the feeling of those arms around him.

It was all too soon when Art felt the back of his desk against his hips, and strong arms hoisting him to sit upon it. All the while, their lips never parted just like their handcuffed wrists. This was Art's punishment, and Nice would make sure he did his time.

'Ring! Ring!'

Violet eyes shot open at the sound of his phone as he went to pull away only to feel a hand at the back of his head.

"Leave it." Nice muttered into the kiss.

Art's free hand came to push at Nice's shoulder, pulling back once more. "I can't."

He was sorry to have to cut their time short, but in the end, he was still at work. He couldn't fool around with Nice even if he wanted to. Art went to answer the phone while Nice released a dejected sigh. Nonetheless, he knew Art was busy, and so he went to reach into his pocket for the key.

"Yes, I'll be there right away." Art hung up before looking over at Nice with an apologetic smile. "May I get my time cut short for good behavior?"

"Yeah, I justâ€¦need to get the key." Nice patted his pockets, trying to feel the key since it wasn't where he thought it would be.

"You do have the key, right?"

"Yeah, I justâ€¦need to find it."

"You lost the keyâ€¦" Art's smile slowly dissipated as his hold on Nice's hand tightened almost painfully so.

"I didn't lose it. I'm sure it's here somewhere." Nice slightly winced at Art's vice grip. "Hey on the bright side, at least we get to spend more time togetherâ€¦?"

Art paused for a moment at Nice's words before a saccharine smile crossed his features, "Yes, Nice, till ****death**** do we part."

The End

****A/N:** Ah, for some reason I find a homicidal Art really funny. Anyway, I hope you enjoyed this, and my apologies are in the next chapter so onward my friends :) ******

22. Home

****Rated:** T for strong language or it could be M, but I think teens can handle curse words. If you can't, just skip the first two paragraphs.******

****WC:** 512******

****A/N:** And look at that, of course when I'm most stressed I write. Anyway, this is a short drabble that I've been meaning to write for a while. I'm sorry if you think they're OOC, but to me I think if you rile them up enough, they will drop every conceivable curse word they can because god it feels good to get that aggression out. So with that said, I hope you enjoy this very short drabble I pulled together.******

****P.S.** I'm letting you guys have this chapter first instead of my blog **gasp** so I hope that makes up for not posting that last chapter until months later, so please do enjoy :)******

****Nice/Art Drabble: Home****

"Why can't you just pick up your clothes?! It's not hard. You just bend down and pick it up. Or better yet, throw it in the damn hamper when you take your shit off. Therefore, I don't have to trip over all the crap you leave behind."

"Leaving things behind? You want to talk about leaving things? Fine, since we're on the subject, why can't you just shut the fucking drawer? You're not using it. It's just out, in mid-air, waiting for me to fucking run into it!"

Voices rose to alarming volumes, faces flushed, and two pairs of venomously narrowed eyes were glaring each other down. A stern hand came to slam against the table with a sense of finality in his tone, and a pale brow twitching slightly in annoyance. Meanwhile, the young minimum holder across from him came to ball his fists in clear frustration, shoulders shaking with near uncontrollable rage, and his jaw clenching to keep from spewing out even more spiteful words until he came to say the most spiteful thing he had said all night.

"I don't need this." Nice went to grab his jacket from the couch.
"I'm going home."

"Home?" Art visibly paused, his anger having suddenly dissipated.

"Yes home." Nice scoffed, brow raised as if he were looking at a two year-old who didn't know the simple definition of home. "You know, where I live."

"Yes—yes of course." His violet gaze, once scornful, tore from the blue he so loved. He could not face him as he chastised himself for nearly forgetting that Nice still had the apartment he shared with Murasaki and Hajime. Even if he did mostly live with him, it seemed Nice did not look at it like that. So how did he look at it? Where was home to him?

"Fine, go then; go home." Art came to dismiss Nice, hearing his heart pound to the rhythm of the other's footfalls as he walked away. His hands clenched at either side of him to the sound of his door opening, and yet when it slammed shut, he could not help but feel like it was their door being shut closed.

With a heavy heart, violet eyes dared to glance up, expecting to see no one there when they suddenly grew large at the hand that grabbed his. He found himself being pulled forward until he was pressed firmly against an all too familiar frame. Comforting arms wrapped around him, holding him tight in a silent promise to never let him go. Even if the man drove him nuts by leaving kitchen drawers open, papers scattered, and constantly forgetting where he placed things, Nice wouldn't have it any other way.

"Art, I'm home."

And without another word, Art came to return the embrace while a relieved and all too happy smile tugged the corners of his lips. Even if Nice happened to leave his clothes everywhere, this was his home, their home. It's where they lived together.

"Welcome home, Nice."

The End

****A/N:** Well I hoped you liked it. I'm sorry it's not birthrate, but I swear everything I wrote I found my fingers suddenly stopping. For some reason, this drabble took off without a hitch so with that being said, I will try to write a birthrate one, but no promises in terms of when. Thanks for reading if you've gotten down this far, and take care!******

23. Home (BirthRate edition)

****Rated:** T (for one curse word and triggering themes)******

****WC:** 859******

****WARNING:** Depressive thoughts, mentions of death, and hypothermia

****A/N:** I don't know where my mind was when I started writing this almost a year ago_, _but it was somewhere_, _because this was written originally along side my Nice/Art Home drabble (the chapter before this one) so with that being said, it briefly touches on some touchy topics with a bitter sweet ending. I hope you enjoy. If not the story, then at least my little _Frozen_ reference.

****Ratio/Birthday Drabble:** Home******

_ 'Shit, it's coldâ€|what was I doing again?'_ Blue eyes blurrily opened, only to remain half-mast to protect him from the falling snow._ 'Snowâ€|? Hah, that's right.'_ A smile curled the corners of his mouth. That's right. He had watched the snow falling from inside the complex window when the brilliant idea had struck him like lightning. Yes, he was going to build a snowman, or something that would look like one. He just needed to shape it to look like a person, and place it near his roommate's window. Therefore, when the doctor drew the blindsâ€|

The man began to laugh at the thought of the doctor's shocked face. Oh, how he wished he could see it, but alas, the lids of his eyes seemed to grow heavier as the seconds passed. _ 'I wonder if it's the medicineâ€|'_ he thought ruefully. It was supposed to suppress his recent pains, but it seemed to only make him tired. Perhaps that was the small capsules' purpose, to make him sleep through his pain.

_ 'If only life were that simple.'_ A smile once more tugged upon the corner of the man's lips. With his limbs nearly numb, he began to move them once more. He pushed the rising banks of snow away from him, ultimately making what looked like wings from above.

"Tch, looks like I'm an angel now."_ 'How ironicâ€|'_ The young man wanted to chuckle once more, but found air a little harder to come by. With a shallow inhale, he closed his eyes to focus on the once simple task of breathing.

"Birthday!"

'Is that you, doctor?'

"Birthday!" Electrifying blue eyes peered up at his friend's one eye, and even if he could not see both, worry was evident in the man's tone. Before he knew it, strong arms wrapped around him and he was lifted from his snowy bed.

"What are you doing out here?"

"Making a snow angelâ€|" Birthday replied with a breathy chuckle, "Is it pretty?"

"You shouldn't be out here. Didn't I tell you to stay inside today?"

"Did you?" Birthday vaguely remembered the doctor telling him something along those lines of an oncoming blizzard, but he wasn't too sure. He was most likely half-listening at the time.

"Hey, Ratio, do you want to build a snowman?" Ratio ignored Birthday's question in favor of getting him swiftly back into their apartment, which earned a small frown from said man. "It doesn't have to be a snowman."

Once more Ratio ignored his friend, or more so he didn't really hear him. Instead he carried Birthday back inside, and placed him upon the couch. There, gloved fingers made swift work of Birthday's damp sweatshirt and pants, causing a smug smirk to slash across the young man's lips.

"I know we're close, Doc, but not that close."

Ratio favored removing his jacket, than retorting to Birthday's quip. He removed his wet layers, to get to the layers closest to his body and slip them over Birthday's trembling frame. He paid no heed to the goosebumps that now prickled his bare skin. With the blanket folded across the couch, he swiftly grabbed it to wrap it around Birthday. Not too tight, but the last thing Birthday needed was to lose anymore body heat than he already had.

Clad in nearly nothing, due to giving his clothes to Birthday, he came to sit behind him, and gently let Birthday's back lean against his chest. He would wrap his arms around him, but the golden metal was most likely cold, and anymore pressure upon Birthday's chest might worsen his respiratory problems. For now all he could do was make sure the man's head, neck, and torso remained covered by the blanket, and pray to any god that would listen for Birthday to not go into shock.

All the while, Birthday remained silent, and allowed Ratio to do whatever he wished with him. As they sat quietly, the warm air began to burn his frostbitten nose and cheeks. However, he paid little heed to the burning sensation, but to the rapid 'thump' pressed against his back.

_'Hmâ€|so in the end, I really did scare you.' _Birthday's frigid fingers clutched tightly to the soft blanket that was wrapped around him while his eyes grew heavy once more with fatigue.

"Hey, Birthday, stay up. You can't sleep yet." Ratio called out to him, having noticed the slowed breathing of his friend.

"Hm? Give me five minutes."

"Birthday, you have to remain awake. If you fall asleep, you will lose even more body heat andâ€"

"Then keep me warm." Birthday interjected as he seemed to press his back into Ratio's annoyed frame.

"That's what I'm trying toâ€"

"Ratio," Birthday moved this time, turning in the man's arms to rest his head against the other's shoulder, and shifting the blanket so it now covered both of them, "I'm happy you're home."

The corner of his lips curled into a lazy smile as he felt the stiff annoyed frame slowly loosen. "Yes, Birthday," Ratio let out a small sigh, though he could not help a smile of his own slip by, "I'm home."

End

A/N: Yeah so... ten months of not writing Hamatora fanfic... wow. Does anyone still read Hamatora? Anyway, whether they do or not, I posted this because why the hell not? I finished it so I might as well. Also, my friend challenged me to participate in the 40k+ fic challenge of Nov. So if people are still interested in Hamatora, I'm debating on whether to write a BirthRate Human AU/no minimums fic for Nov. or a Dystopian Hamatora/Hetalia crossover AU with no main particular pairing in mind. Thoughts? Comments? Questions? Let me know. My fingers are itching to whip something up so we'll see how it goes.

Anyway, thanks for reading if you've gotten down this far, and much love to all the reviews/favs/alerts! Until next time (hopefully not another 10 months) take care!

24. Thief?

Rated: K

WC: 953

A/N: Yes, I'm still alive and writing. I just haven't been posting things lately, and personally have been going through some things. However, I ran across this, which I started almost two years ago, and decided to finish it. So without further adoâ€|

Nice/Art Drabble: Thief?

"Art?"

"Yes, sorry, Gasquet." The superintendent returned his attention upon his friend and colleague, though the mystery left upon his desk remained at the forefront of his thoughts at the moment. "If you would be so kind as to drop off the files regarding the Hayashi case on my desk, I would be much obliged."

"Don't be. Between you and Nice you've obliged me enough." Gasquet insisted with a mirthful grin before going to retrieve the desired files. Meanwhile, curious violet eyes averted to the object upon his desk, a small smile gracing his features at the sight of it.

_ 'How nice.' _ Art thought, picking up the chocolate cupcake that rested upon a bento box. It didn't take a detective to know who it was from, and though he didn't always appreciate Nice fawning over him it did have its perks at moments such as these.

However, before he could take a bite of the sweet treat, the corner of his eye caught something stuck to the bento box.

_ 'Save the cupcake for last.' _

_ "Love, _

_ Nice' _

A small sigh slipped past Art's lips at the little note. Even with a kind gesture such as this, Nice continued to look after him even more so than Gasquet, and quite frankly, their worry over him was beginning to become overwhelming especially when it regarded his health. He was healthy enough, or at least that's what he told himself. So what if he normally got less than five hours of sleep, and basically ran on sugar rushes and adrenaline from caffeine? That didn't mean he was completely unhealthy.

_ 'I could be worse.' _ Art thought, and with that, he shamelessly took a bite from his chocolate cupcake if only to spite the young minimum holder. Although at the sudden knock on his office door, Art came to swiftly stash the cupcake behind his back just in time before Nice had popped his head in.

"Did you get your present I left you?" Nice asked somewhat eagerly. He wanted to make sure Gasquet didn't steal it after all.

Meanwhile Art tried to swallow as discreetly as he could behind a large smile before nodding, "Yes, I did thank youâ€|That wasâ€|quite thoughtful of you."

"No problem." Nice stepped inside the office, much to Art's pleasure. He kept the cupcake behind his back, making sure to keep it out of sight from the other, though he knew Nice was bound to notice the certain sweet missing.

And as predicted, a curious dark brow rose and blue eyes fell upon him, "Did you get my cupcake? It seems to be missing."

"There was a cupcake?" Art feigned obliviousness, "No, I'm sorry. I just stepped in for a moment and saw the bento."

"Tch, I should have known not to leave it out. Gasquet must have stolen it."

"Stolen what?" Gasquet popped in as violet eyes widened in surprise at his partner's impeccable timing.

"You ate his cupcake I left, didn't you?"

Gasquet let out a roarious laugh at the accusing finger Nice directed at him, "I did no such thing." He claimed before plopping the files Art had asked for earlier in a nearby chair, "Here you go, Art." His smile widened, glancing down at the small hidden cupcake he was being accused of stealing presumably. Nonetheless, like a good partner, he left without a word. Nice was a smart boy. He would figure it out sooner or later.

"Well," Art cleared his throat a little, regaining the young minimum holder's attention, "I should get back to work." The sooner he could get Nice out of his office the better. However, Nice only looked over at Art, eyes surveying the other closely while Art tried not to squirm with guilt under the scrutinizing gaze.

"Thank you for lunch, but I really am busy." Art began to slowly take a step back to counter every step for which Nice took towards him. Even as he went on, Nice did not stop, inching ever closer to Art.

"Nice I'm serious. I have work to do. Now thank you for lunch butâ€" Before he could say another word, he found lips upon his, successfully silencing him from spewing out anymore excuses.

"I tasteâ€|" Nice had come to pull away, licking his lips as he did so, "chocolateâ€| Art?" Blue eyes narrowed accusingly, and seeing no point in hiding it anymore, Art only replied with a small huff, followed by revealing the cupcake from behind his back, and taking a large, and rather shameless bite.

"Art, I think we need an intervention."

"Hold on, let me just finish this first."

"I'm serious."

"So am I."

Art went to take another bite, when suddenly Nice leaned in and took a large bite of the cupcake from the other side. He chewed proudly while violet eyes stared at him in surprise before narrowing dangerously.

"Thief."

"Liar."

Nice went to take another spiteful bite, when Art swiftly moved it away to swiftly plop the rest of it in his mouth. However, Nice followed the retreating cupcake only to meet lips sprinkled with chocolate crumbs, but he did not mind. Not in the slightest. All the playful bitterness before dissipated as he licked the last of the icing from the corner of Art's lips.

"Delicious." Nice mumbled contently through the kiss only for Art to pull away enough to reveal an all too mischievous grin.

"Hm, yes it was."

Nice could only muster an amused chuckle at that before claiming

those devious lips again. Despite all the deception and thievery, the only true thing Nice could find stolen at the moment was his heart.

'Cavities may be the end of you, Art, but you will truly be the end of me.'

The End

A/N: Thanks for reading! Also, thank you for those that have reviewed/faved/added to your alert list! Until next time, take care and much love!

End
file.